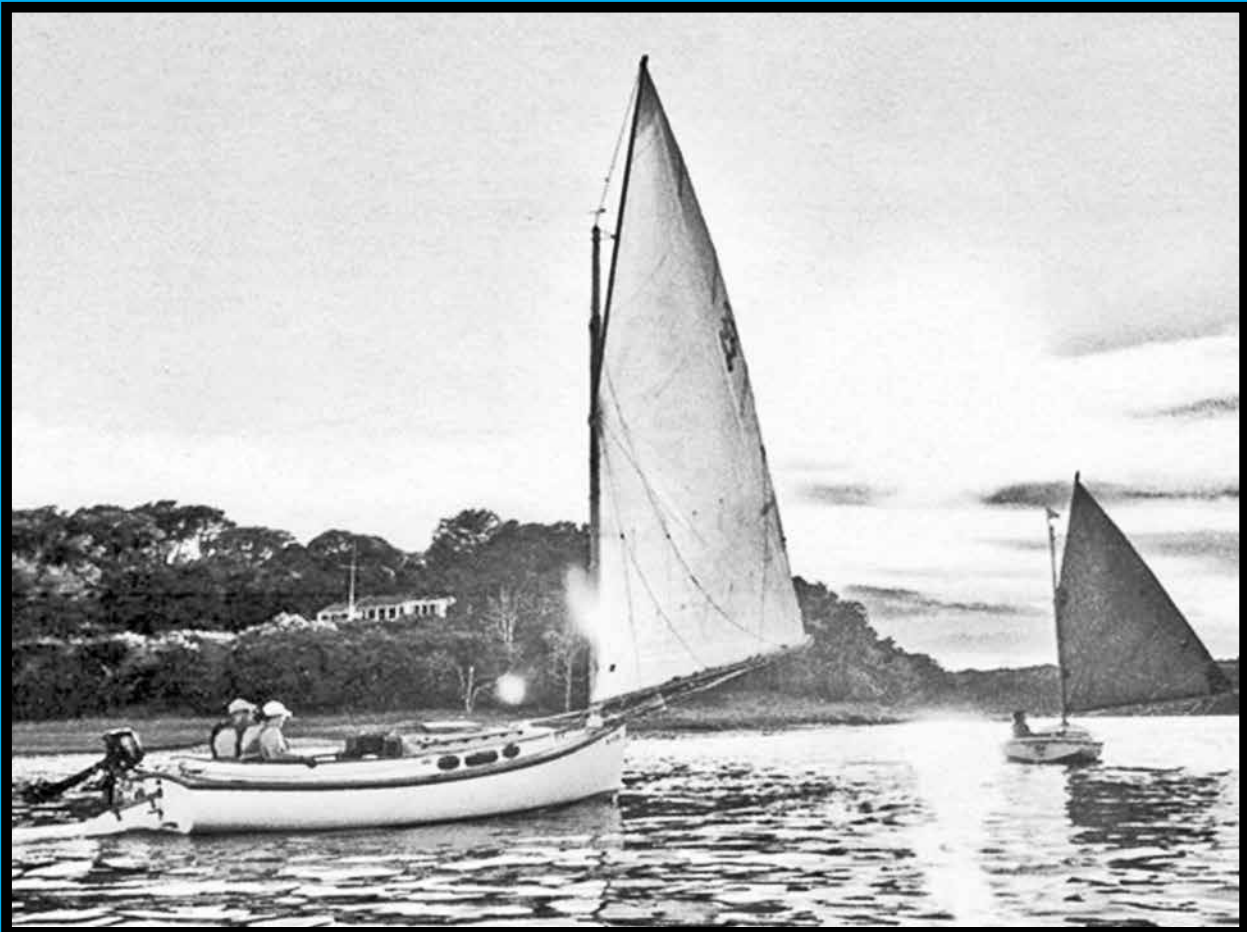
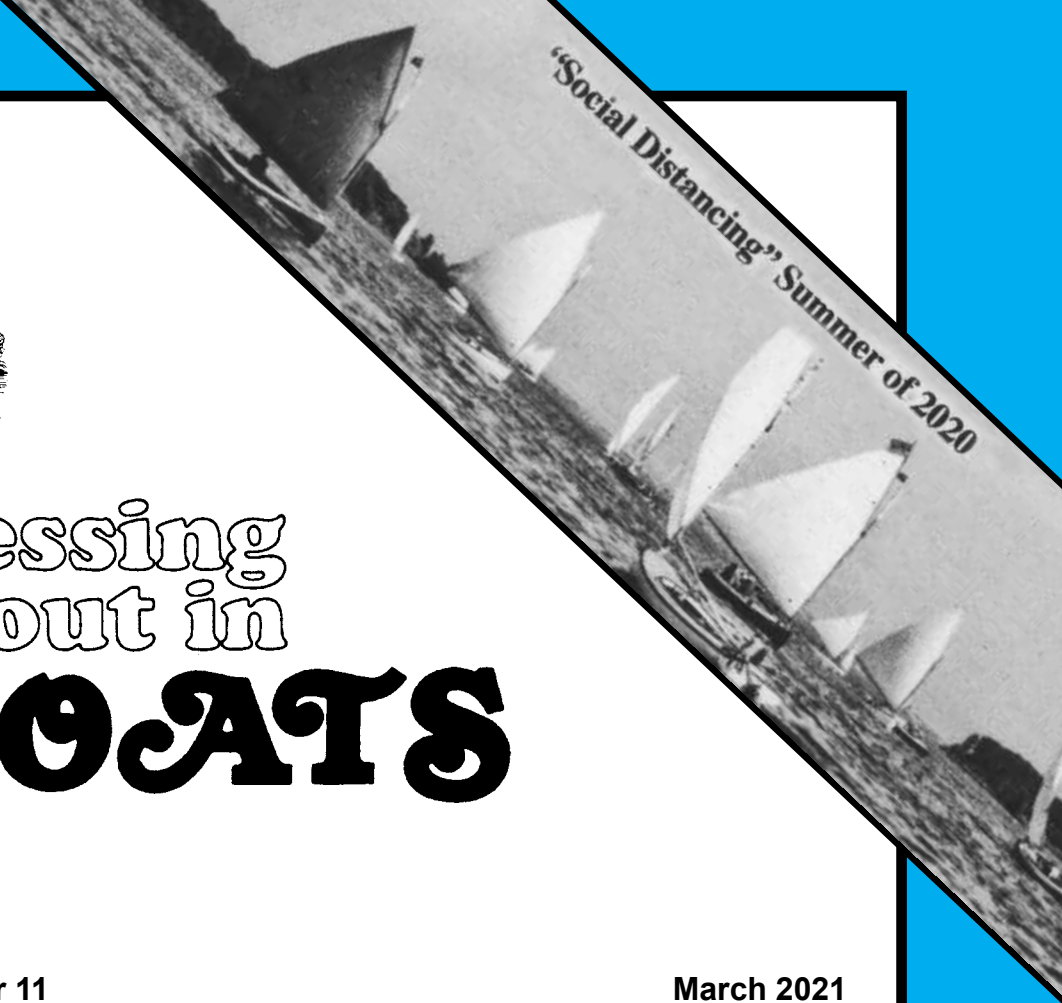


messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 38 – Number 11

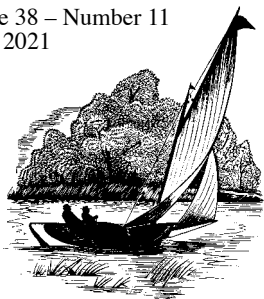
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messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

It's only February 1 as I write this, but I am already feeling optimistic about the coming year, including continuing to mess about in boats. I like to think the cover photo is emblematic of how we will still be able to enjoy our chosen activity while contending with what is happening. By taking responsibility for our own personal well being and avoiding situations in which the virus apparently spreads, we can carry on with what we have to, or want to, do with our lives, as is so positively described in our report from Arey's Pond Boatyard on pages 20 and 21 in this issue.

What has most adversely impacted our messing about activities has been the loss of so many of those opportunities to enjoy shared experiences, from major gatherings such as the WoodenBoat Show to smaller, but more numerous, gatherings such as last year's John Gardner TSCA Celebration at Mystic Seaport. After the cancellations of these and so many other events a year ago, we saw optimistic announcements of "we'll be back in 2021." Right now it's too early to tell if these hopes will be realized but the spirit seems to be there to return.

Well, my view at this time is to assume they will be back and make preliminary plans to attend or participate if they do without counting on them as yet. In the meantime, my usual activities are focused in the boatshed, working (again finally) on my Old Town Lake Rowboat reconditioning project because, come what may, I will be able to enjoy rowing it this season accompanied by a few friends, along with my already longstanding annual kayaking on local flatwater rivers.

A heretofore unrealized benefit of indulging in small boats is that they automatically provide that "social distancing" that has been, so far, the method for trying to stop the covid spread. And in most circumstances there is no need for wearing that mask out

there in all that fresh air on open water exercising for recreation.

Back indoors in the shops I've noted how those determined to do so have arranged to be back at work together, either in business or for recreation. I drop by the local Essex Shipbuilding Museum from time to time to see what's happening. The Museum is closed to the public but a number of volunteers have been at work all winter putting up a building for another museum project, while in its own smaller, separate boat shop, students from the nearby Topsfield Vocational Academy have been at work on their third boat, see page 26 for more on this. "Where there's a will, there's a way!" is alive and in action despite the pandemic.

Coming out of my barn shop and tiny *MAIB* office and looking around (figuratively) at the larger world, I note how the pandemic has been a boon to certain firms in the recreational equipment business and their attendant "jobs." On page 5 is a report from the National Marine Manufacturers Association about how "US Boat Sales Reached 13-Year High in 2020." I have found the local bicycle shops selling out all bikes they can get (I also ride a recumbent trike on local back roads and trails) and also I hear from my contacts from my bygone motorcycling years of a great sales year. A recent call from a Maine reader reported that L.L. Bean cannot get enough cross country skis to meet demand.

And what about our little DIY boat game? I have heard from several that boat building supplies are in great demand so there must be many out there taking up small boat building or adding to their lineup of existing projects.

And so, optimism is my outlook as 2021 gets underway. Perhaps we'll even get back to enjoying large scale shared experiences as we have in the past.

On the Cover...

Despite the disruption of everyday life last year, many amongst us messing about in boats managed to carry on successfully with their intended work and activities. Illustrating this determination to do so is our cover photo, taken at one of last summer's weekly Wednesday Night Sails at Arey's Pond Boatyard on Cape Cod, "where catboats from all over Pleasant Bay sailed together, extra special because it was a safe way to see each other from afar and gather in a shared experience." On pages 20 and 21 you can read more about how Arey's Pond made 2020 one of their most successful years, and their plans for doing more so in 2021. There are lessons to be learned.

To be at Sea

To be at sea
on land
is to live at loss
to stand unsettled
if to abide at all
to be out of one's
every element

To be at sea
if you sail
is to be
as one with
life in all its
every essence

All boats new and old
large or small cost the same
one dollar more than you have

We sail because life
is not won by those
who reach its finish first

The heart of a sailor
pulses to the rhythm
of the timeless sea

A sailor sets to sea
not to reach a shore
but to find himself

Fools may be drawn to the sea
like a mindless moth to a flame
each to its untimely end

There is no better sound
than that of a boat's engine
once it's turned off

Boats Never Sink*

only sea dog dreams
abandoned in the
flash of false light
from frozen moments
we take as true

flickering doubts
when we sense
that Emily's hope
has lost its feathers

and imagine Icarus' fall
not knowing that
reaching for the sun
will never melt
waxed wings

or that waking dreams
are made of will
and not of
windblown wishes

Storms will rise
winds may rage
and sailors cringe
but no we know
and must believe
that boats never sink

*For *SV Yes Dear*, wisely abandoned in Hurricane Sally, but which refused to go down.

At Sea Threads, Yarns, Musings and Verse

By Randy Cadenhead



A Reflection

"The important thing is that I believe in myself." (Unknown)

First of all, I'm not a monster. It's just you haven't see the likes of me for longer than you measure time and, to tell the truth, it's even been long for me. And while that makes me a bit lonely, I've grown used to it after a few of your millennia. I'll have you know I swam to these waters long ago and liked it enough to stay, which is a good thing since there seems no way out for now. I may well be the last of my kind but I'll have to wait for these waters to rise again to learn.

I know such a time may seem long to you who live and breed like fruit flies. But to me time matters little, having seen the land climb from the seas that were my home and even some stars come and go as I expect, in time, will you. When that comes and you go it should be peaceful again without your boats and tour guides that tell their tales of sightings, as if I can't hear them or simply don't care.

The truth is, though, I once found your company comforting in a way, scurrying along this loch's long shoreline and fishing above me. Only now I hear the constant heartbeat of your motors running up and down my home in search of me, all the while believing I'm a myth, only I'm not.

I sense now, in the rising warmth of the air and this water, that perhaps it is you who may soon be the stuff of myth and one thing I can do well is wait. If that makes of me a monster to you, perhaps you should stop your useless searching for me and look into your own reflection in the waters above me.

Red Sky

A red sky at night
frames the setting sun
to welcome the night stars

One sailor's delight
in sensing the cool
of the evening to come

And a red sky with the dawning
before the sun peers
over the horizon

is a sailor's due warning
of a tumult
only an adage can best foretell

To Know You Can Sail

without going to sea
I offer this simple
and time honored test

Balance yourself
on a board atop a ball
while juggling with one hand
and holding a wheel in the other

Calmly swear like a sailor
clenching a rope in your teeth
with a churning lunch
held in your heaving belly

Have one test proctor
randomly tilt a poster
of the horizon in your face

while another sprays
your body with a hose
causing your life vest
to inflate about your neck

and a third shreds bank notes
bearing countless zeroes
about your ears

And when you are done
you will know you can sail
if only then you can smile
and say "Now that's sailing!"

Force Five

A full cool breeze
paces down from the north
crisping her sails
and straining the sheets
as they rein
the mare of my small sloop

I feel it carve
through the rising whitecaps
that glitter our
translucent track as we
dip and rise
in the foaming waves

Tacking away
we taste the salted spray
from the port and
sense the distant scent
of home yet again





You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

2021 Cedar Key Small Boat Meet

The delayed a year 35th Cedar Key small boat meet takes place Friday, April 30 to Sunday, May 2. The meet is informal. There are no fees, no signups, no events planned on the water. Tides and weather are still the organization. The 11:13am moderate high on May 2 is +3.2 ft and the 4:45pm moderate low is +1.5, giving mild currents and sufficient water.

Shallow draft is essential whether sail, oar, paddle, motor or engine, for the vibrant and subtle, life filled coasts of the Cedar Keys and Lower Suwannee National Wildlife Refuges.

The potluck dinner remains a question. The Community Center is reserved though. Maybe it'll be outside? But a speaker, if possible, is unknown. For information call:

Cedar Key Chamber of Commerce
(352) 543-5600.

Dave Lucas, (941) 704-6736

skipjack@tampabay.rr.com

Hugh Horton, (586) 215-7060

huhorton@gmail.com

Information Needed...

Information Exchange Request

My partner Susan and I are building the Percy Blandford design SB9, a 9' rowboat. It should prove to be a sturdy, dependable, easily rowed boat for two or three adults. The boat was featured at a London boat show and made the front cover of a past issue of the English magazine *Small Boat*. We are fortunate to have that magazine's illustrated articles about the boat and its construction. We would love to hear from any *MAIB* readers who have had experience with the design and, of course, we would gladly share the articles and other information about the boat with anyone interested.

Arthur Strock and Susan Dingsor,
arthurstrock@comcast.net, sdingsor@gmail.com

This Magazine...

Windmaiden and Chrissy

After reading your article in the December issue about Aleutka and John Letcher, I wanted to forward this write up in an old *Mariner's Catalog*, Volume 2, where I first learned about John Letcher. The companion article by Mr Coulson on building *Wind-Maiden* and sailing her across the Atlantic was also very interesting and exciting. Also, it

was a treat to see the older article (25 Years Ago in *MAIB*) about Harold Burnham and *Chrissy*. We still sail *Chrissy* in Bar Harbor, Maine, on private charters. *Chrissy* was just hauled out in November after a fairly busy season dealing with the challenges of covid.

Capt Steve Pagels, Windjammer Cruises, Bar Harbor, ME

Memories of Maine

I am only part way through the January 2021 issue but so far it is a wonderful issue. Winter makes me more attentive to every word. I did so like Ray Hartjen's writings that were partially set in an area of Maine where I spent decades as a kid and teen and young adult. Oh, the memories. Although not mentioned by Ray, I can remember doing our food shopping in the general store of Readfield, Maine. And other nearby towns had similar stores. They had everything from beer to bullets and butter and buns not to mention beef. It was a time I think never to be seen again.

I did want to ask you why so many of your authors do not show their email addresses? I would think that an author might like to hear from the readership?

Very Resp'y, Your Obt Serv't, Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding, Steam Launch *Golden Eagle*, Connecticut, US

Although I'm trying to walk the Erie Canalway Trail for my latest writing venture, I would also occasionally, en route, love to boat through and photograph some of the locks along the modern Erie Canal. I am the author of the book *Mystic Seafarer's Trail* and can be seen on YouTube in a film by Gregory Pettys on the *Thunderfish* with undersea explorer Captain Bill Palmer. Bill discusses some of the local wrecks he dives on including the *Onondaga*, the steamer

"Give a Grandma and Grandpa a Lift on the Erie Canal?"

By Lisa Saunders.

Larchmont and the German U-boat U-853.

I am currently working on a book tentatively titled *Walking the Erie Canal Trail: Secrets of the 8th Wonder of the World, CMV and Pandemic Pizza*. Summary of my book: While searching for the 7 Wonders of the Old Erie Canal, itself considered the 8th Wonder of the World, this upstate New York plump baby boomer wonders if I'll ever finish walking the entire 360-mile trail between Buffalo and Albany. So far I have endured swarms of mosquitoes, snakes, gunshots, violent wind cracking tree limbs above, aching feet and a dead possum. Will I find an outhouse in time? Will I uncover what truly happened to Aunt Rebecca whose body was found in a car submerged in the Canal?

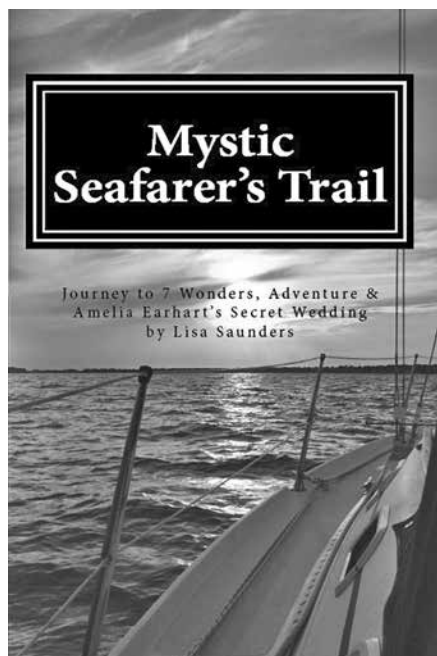
My progress is continually interrupted as the global pandemic upends my life with demands from my regal mother held prisoner in assisted living and by home schooling two young grandchildren when my daughter leaves her job in a castle to work remotely. When deciding on the 7 Wonders, should I only consider the overgrown, stone aqueduct arches and locks hidden along the Old Erie Canal, or also the engineering marvels on the modern, fully operational Erie Canal?

And how will this latest writing project ever get me thin and famous when the only

food near the trail is pizza and ice cream? Trekking alongside is my detail oriented, rather fussy, husband Jim. We haven't spent this much time together since our undergraduate days at Cornell. Now a retired Pfizer scientist, Jim is ready to share in my latest adventure, hoping to combine our talents to raise awareness of another "C-virus" plaguing the country, cytomegalovirus. Will our fight for an amendment to the current CMV law in New York be as tough to pass as the legislation to fund the Erie Canal? Will we agree on what kind of pizza to order, find our "new normal" and overcome the obstacles along the Erie Canalway Trail to impact the world, much the same way the Erie Canal did?

Anyone reading this with Erie Canal cruising plans for this year who might be interested in giving us a few lifts along the way so we can photograph some of the locks along the modern Erie Canal is invited to contact me for details.

lisasaunders42@gmail.com



Goodby to George Spragg “Perhaps a Brilliant Mind”



George Ogden Spragg was born on January 13, 1940, in Boston, Massachusetts, where he lived for five years until his family moved to Glenwood Landing (Bayville), Long Island, New York. His first boat was an 8' rowboat that he rigged with a mast. He also swam under barges, fished and clammed and raised rabbits for food in New York City. A faulty hip precluded a stint in the Navy, which broke his heart.

George graduated from Oyster Bay High School and in 1960 married an Oyster Bay girl with whom he had two daughters.

Between 1957 and 1962 he worked for Photocircuits Corp in Glen Cove as a design draftsman. Assigned to R.E.F. Dynamics Corp in Mineola, New York, as a mechanical designer, he worked on designing the Grumman Moon Cart & the Pan-Am Sky Galley.

George moved to Wolcott, Connecticut, where he built a 30' houseboat that he and his wife and two daughters lived aboard for two years while he worked at a blueprint company. He also built a 10'3" boat for his brother, it was too active so he rebuilt it at 12'4". It is still used in Wilmington, North Carolina.

He went on to start Eagle Home Improvement Co and during this time he built two houses from scratch.

In 1986 he began building *Rascal*, a 14' catboat from the design of Sanchee, from the Mystic Seaport archives. He liked the clean and simple lines. Building in a bat infested barn in Niantic, Connecticut, across from Millstone, he had finished only half of the boat when the barn was demolished. He finally built his own shop in which to finish *Rascal* next to the house which he was renovating in Waterford, Connecticut. When the sailboat was finished he realized that, with two divorces, it had taken him ten years to float his dreamboat. In 2020 his widow, Kate Wells, donated *Rascal* to the Mystic River Yacht Club.

He built a Peapod which he took to St Michaels, Maryland, twice, selling it to a very happy 15-year-old girl.

He wanted to make a fishing boat so he retrofit a Lightning into a fishing boat with help from Andy Stode. He didn't like the seating arrangement so he placed the seats along the hull with the fish box in the middle of the flat bottom. It was used until 2019.

He built a canoe and three 11' prams, utilizing a forward facing oar setup. Although he used this on the prams, he felt he had not yet built a boat that utilized them properly and sold the prams.

He began volunteering for Mystic Seaport as well as being involved in the Avery Point John Gardner Chapter of Traditional Small Craft Association.



He worked on the *Eleanor*, a John Atkins skiff, made a rudder for a Bluejay and worked on 16' and 21' guideboats/ocean racers.

While building a double paddle canoe and a 14'3" lapstrake canoe, as an aside he started a second catboat from a H.R Crosby 1932 design of the *Pinkertink*. He had finished the outside of the hull when he died on October 15, 2019. He was up to 34 boats by then.

Good friend, maritime historian and writer Sharon Brown, remarked that George was a unique common man.

Our Story

By Kate Wells

When I moved to Essex, Connecticut, from New York, I volunteered at the Rosenfeld Collection in the Mill at Mystic Seaport while working in the Waterford Home Depot electrical lighting department where I met George. For ten years on and off he would work on my condo in Deep River and became a good friend. In January 2017 we were married and settled in Waterford.

While living in New York I had volunteered for a decade at South Street Seaport, including on the *Wavertree* when we got it sailing for the first time. I had the time of my life while George was doing the same unbeknownst then at Mystic Seaport.



US Boat Sales Reached 13-Year High in 2020

With heightened interest in outdoor recreation activities and ways to social distance, consumer demand for new boats surged across the country in 2020. The National Marine Manufacturers Association (NMMA), representing North American recreational boat, engine and marine accessory manufacturers, reports that retail unit sales of new powerboats in the US increased last year by an estimated 12% compared to 2019. More than 310,000 new powerboats were sold in 2020, levels the recreational boating industry has not seen since before the Great Recession in 2008.

"2020 was an extraordinary year for new powerboat sales as more Americans took to the water to escape pandemic stress and enjoy the outdoors safely," said Frank Hugelmeier, NMMA President. "For the first time in more than a decade we saw an increase in first time boat buyers who helped spur growth of versatile, smaller boats, less than 26', that are often towed to local waterways and provide a variety of boating experiences from fishing to watersports."

The following new powerboat categories drove record retail unit sales in 2020:

Sales of personal watercraft, including Jet Ski, Sea Doo and WaveRunner, are estimated to be up 8% to 82,000 units in 2020 with accessible entry level price points, personal watercraft are often considered a gateway to boat ownership.

Sales of wake boats, popular for wake-surfing, skiing and wakeboarding and attractive to new and active boaters, are estimated to be up 20% to 13,000 units in 2020.

Sales of freshwater fishing boats and pontoons boats, often sought for their versatility and entry level price points and accounting for 50% of new powerboats sold in 2020, are expected to be up 12% to 143,000 units.

Boat sales are expected to remain at historic levels in 2021 as manufacturers continue to fill a backlog of orders from 2020. Pandemic related supply chain constraints curbed powerboat production and shipments for several months in 2020, which are expected to subside and restore marine manufacturing to normal levels this year. Additionally, social distancing measures are likely to continue well into the latter months of 2021, spurring additional interest in safe outdoor recreation activities including boating.

"We expect consumer interest in boating to remain strong through 2021 and beyond with millions of Americans discovering the mental health benefits and joys of being outside and on the water," noted Hugelmeier.



Tim Severin, a British adventurer who, for 40 years, meticulously replicated the journeys of actual and mythic explorers like St Brendan the Navigator, Sinbad the Sailor and Marco Polo, died on December 18 at his dwelling in West Cork, Ireland. He was 80. His daughter, Ida Ashley, stated the cause of his death was cancer.

In May, 1976, Mr Severin left Ireland on his most audacious voyage, following within the wake of St Brendan, a sixth century monk who, with a crew of different monks, is alleged to have made a spectacular journey from Ireland across the Atlantic to the "Promised Land" in a leather hulled boat.

St Brendan was a sailor who unfolded the Gospel in his journeys around Ireland, Scotland and Wales. If the story of his journey to the Americas was true, he would have beaten Leif Ericson and Christopher Columbus by centuries.

After learning of an account of the journey in a medieval Latin text written a few years later titled, "Navigatio Sancti Brendani Abbatis" or "The Voyage of St. Brendan the Abbot," Mr Severin assembled a staff of designers and craftsmen who helped him construct a vessel. The 36' two masted boat of oak and ash was lined in oxhide a quarter inch thick.



The small crew of the boat, referred to as the *Brendan*, set off from Brandon Creek on the Dingle Peninsula on the west coast of Ireland. They sailed north to the Hebrides Islands and west to the Faroe Islands on a course for Iceland. Whales visited, day after day, sticking close to the boat, Mr Severin thought they could have mistaken the boat for one more whale.

Upon their arrival in Reykjavik in August 1976, they inspected the condition of the *Brendan*. After scraping off barnacles they discovered that the leather hull had held. But due to pack ice that might have made further travel too dangerous, they decided to not navigate further and await improved sea conditions.

When the crew boarded the *Brendan* once more in the summertime of 1977 they headed to Greenland, across the Denmark Strait, a dangerous channel. "We knew this was going to be the true test of the boat," Mr Severin stated in a lecture in 2012 at Gresham College in London. "It was inevitable that within the Denmark Strait we'd experience dangerous conditions. But we'd dedicated ourselves to our journey and there was no turning back."

The *Brendan* crossed the strait, however, ice prevented making landfall in Greenland so the *Brendan* sailed around it. They found themselves shrouded in fog with no response to the boat's emergency radio beacon, were then slowed by patches of melting ice within the Labrador Sea. Finally, on June 26, 1977, the *Brendan* arrived on the Newfoundland coast.

Tim Severin, Seafarer Who Replicated Explorers' Journeys, Dies at 80

From Lightlynews.com



The objective of the journey, Severin stated, "was to point out that the expertise of the Irish monks enabled them to reach North America." He added that his voyage couldn't confirm that St Brendan and his crew had reached North America but that it might have been accomplished.

Mr Severin's first spouse, a specialist in medieval Spanish literature, was instrumental in recreating St Brendan's expedition. While studying *The Voyage of St Brendan*, she noted that the story had considerable useful information than most medieval texts. "It detailed the geography of the locations Brendan visited," he recalled her telling him in the *The Brendan Voyage*. "It described the progress of the voyage, the time and distances and so forth. It appeared to me that the textual content was not just a legend but a story embroidered with firsthand expertise."

Mr Severin, who financed his adventures with book advances and different sources, wrote *The Brendan Voyage* in 1978. A review of the book in *The Guardian* referred to the journey as the "most outstanding sea voyage since Thor Heyerdahl showed how a balsa raft might cross the Pacific."

To discover the tales of the fictional mariner, Sinbad the Sailor, Mr Severin sailed from Muscat in Oman to China in a reproduction of an Arab dhow. To observe the legend of Jason and the Argonauts and that of Ulysses, he traveled in a reproduction of a Bronze Age galley.

His different adventures included exploring whether or not a white whale like Moby Dick ever existed. In his revue of *In Search of Moby Dick* (2000) in *The New York Times*, W. Jeffrey Bolster wrote, "Severin operates on the intersection of creativeness, motion and fable, as ripe a spot as any for locating a wondrous white whale." He wrote 20 books, accounts of his journeys and historic novels that drew upon his expeditions.

In his final major journey he sought the true location of Daniel Defoe's fictional castaway, Robinson Crusoe, on islands that shipwrecks occurred in Central and South America. His book, *In Search of Robinson Crusoe*, was published in 2003.

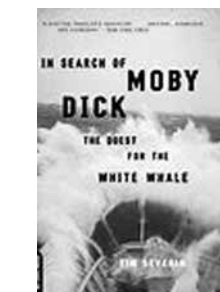
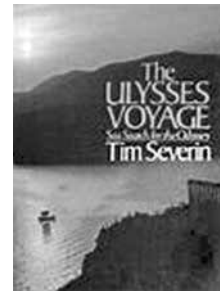
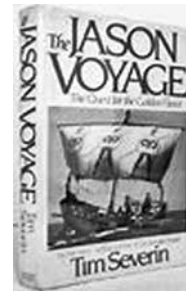
Building and Testing the Brendan

Could an Irish monk in the sixth century really have sailed all the way across the Atlantic in a small open boat, thus beat-

ing Columbus to the New World by almost a thousand years? Relying on the medieval text of St Brendan, award winning adventure writer Tim Severin painstakingly researched and built a boat identical to the leather curragh that carried Brendan on his epic voyage.

He found a centuries old, family run tannery to prepare the oxhides in the medieval way, he undertook an exhaustive search for skilled harness makers (the only people who would know how to stitch the three quarter inch thick hides together), he located one of the last pieces of Irish grown timber tall enough to make the mainmast.

But his courage and resourcefulness were truly tested on the open seas, including one heart pounding episode when he and his crew repaired a dangerous tear in the leather hull by hanging over the side, their heads sometimes submerged under the freezing waves, to restitch the leather.



Cruising the Rivers Lynher and Tamar

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

~Part II

by Steve Parke, an over-anxious dinghy cruiser

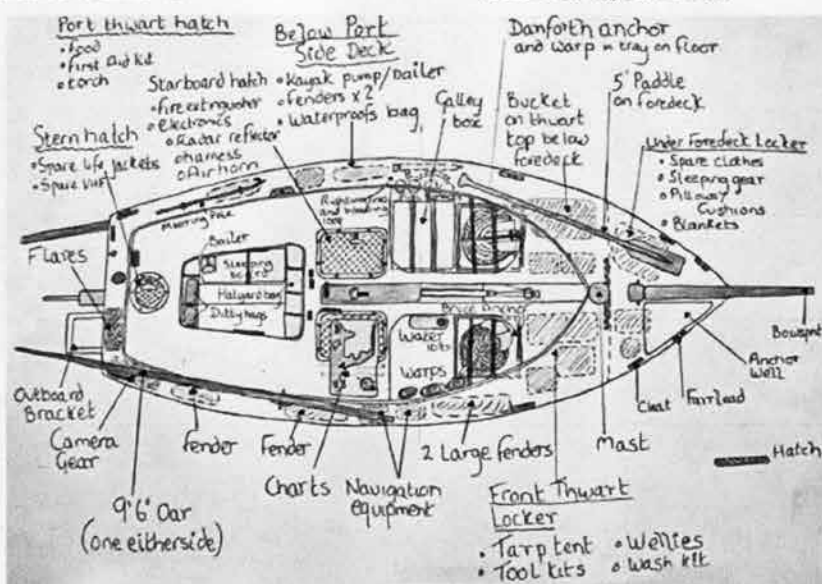
A FLASH OF DAZZLING BLUE AND ORANGE, a deep 'plop' sound and the kingfisher emerges from the brown water with a tiny fish that promptly wriggles a headlong dive back into the water below. Mentally conflicted, feeling both relieved for the fish whilst simultaneously sympathising with the hungry kingfisher, I'm allowed a few seconds to admire its plumage before it darts away upriver. Structural colouration they call it; a trick of the light, where a creature appears more colourful than it actually is. A kingfisher's back appears as vivid metallic blue but in reality the feather pigments are a murky brown!

18.15 – *Arwen*, my Welsford-designed Navigator, gently tugs the Treluggan Boatyard pontoon cleats high up the river Lynher in SE Cornwall. I'm completing log book notes to a soundscape of snuffling ducks, gurgling river and soulful country music that drifts across swirling backwaters from one of the live-aboard barges further downriver. I've successfully arrived by sail and oar, without recourse to the outboard, surviving an encounter with an angry goose and narrowly avoiding a concussion from an unforeseen gybing boom. All in all, it's been a good day.

Notes finished, I stroll along the pontoon, side-stepping the upturned 6ft dinghy, a pile of old canvas tarpaulins and an antiquated portable petrol generator. Laughter, tinkling glasses and the high-pitched screech of a distant disc grinder waft across the sunken hulk of an old cabin cruiser in the adjacent muddy lagoon. Beneath

my feet, rickety timber pontoons, chained together, have their surfaces covered in chicken wire. Grasses and small shrubs grow in crevices and orangey brown splinters and shards collect in gouges where the wood rots. 'Rustic pontoons, serviceable and charming', surmises my inner voice.

(Below: stowage on *Arwen*)



Back aboard *Arwen*, the re-furled standing lug sail on the sprit boom is rested on boom crutches across the rear thwart, and slowly I unroll the white tarp tent from mast to mizzen mast; stretching its bungee cord hems over hooks beneath the lower rub rails. While inquisitive ducks arrive hoping for some tasty titbit, I slot the 15mm diameter flexible PVC water pipe into two deck loops attached to either coaming. The tarp sides push out to give me plenty more head room.

Floors and thwarts are sponged clean, equipment stowed correctly and then I lift the galley box onto the port thwart, unclipping the lid and laying it top down on the opposite seat. A pause, to take delight in the little 'vumph' sound that occurs as the meths ignites and the burner flame in my beloved Trangia suddenly glows blue: Within five minutes, a cuppa has been made and chopped carrots and broccoli

'...Rustic pontoons, serviceable and charming...'



set to simmer. Bowl, cutlery, fruit and custard tubs are laid out on the upturned galley box lid and a short time later the cooked veg is scooped into a waiting bowl and I've gingerly lowered a foil 'boil in the bag' meal into the pot.

18.45 — Spag Bol and veg, a modest meal accompanied by lovely views of a narrow, muddy, wood-lined valley. Country music, ducks chasing tiny shrimp, mallards waddling up steep muddy banks and slithering back down again. Who says ducks don't know how to have fun! Occasional mullet splash against *Arwen's* hull. The starboard channel marker pole behind me looks far closer than it was at high tide. An optical illusion, of course. It hasn't moved, but the mud bank beyond has gained significant height. It's a good 1.5m above me.

After clearing up, I amble to the deserted boatyard in its former quarry. Lots of boats shored up by props, anchors and chains dropping off bow rollers to be neatly coiled and stored on wooden pallets below. A few boats for sale, some in better condition than others. Tractor, a large sling haul-out trailer, toilet block and work sheds. The smell of fresh paint, varnish and oil. One or two unloved, overgrown boats in forgotten corners. It's a delightfully well ordered, traditional yard.

As the sun sinks behind low Cornish hills, I assemble the plywood sleeping board; a shamelessly 'stolen' idea from another Navigator owner, Joel Bergen. The platform lives in the aft cockpit floor well and rests on simple plywood squares which, when inserted into each other make a set of stable 'X' support columns. From the under-foredeck locker comes the self-inflating roll mat, fleece blanket, several scatter cushions and finally the Gortex bivvy bag and four-season down sleeping bag, the latter, very old, crumpled and tea-stained but still fully serviceable - 'a bit like its owner,' says 'her-indoors'!

Now the cockpit is cosy and homely! Galley box has been packed away and electronics are charging off portable power banks on the starboard thwart. Phone, head torch, VHF radio, foulies and PFD are close to hand. My last act for the night, checking mooring warps and quickly scrutinising tomorrow's pilotage notes in my little yellow notebook. 'High tide 05.30 tomorrow; away by 06.30 latest'.

Sometime after 22.40, *Arwen* comes to rest on the channel bottom. I don't feel a thing. I'm well gone in the land of Narnia, chatting to Aslan about climate change... as you do.

04.30 — Dawn and with it the growing awareness of faint light through the tarp weave. Cockpit interior slowly emerges and cool damp air touches my exposed face. Drops of condensation coalesce overhead and succumb to gravity. Drip. Drip. Phew! Tiny splashes on the keelson below are accompanied by an overwhelming sense of relief. A sudden wet waking avoided, but only just! Semiconscious, I hear our 'feathered alarm clock friends' (RSPB) start their early dawn chorus. In this cold, dim morning light, effort in foraging is wasted. Insects have yet to warm up and early morning flight risks attracting a predator returning from a late-night foray across the woods and creek-side meadow. Snuggled in my sleeping bag, I listen to this 'avian Glyndebourne'. As Henry Porter in The Guardian newspaper once remarked, 'To be alone in the dawn chorus reminds us of how precious life is.'

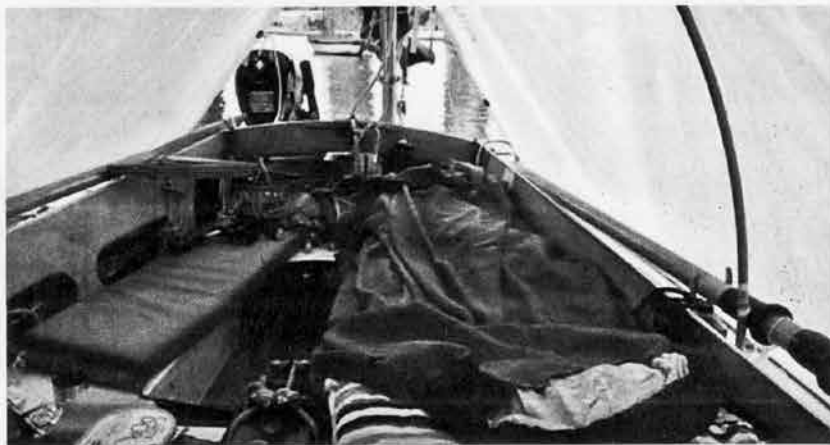
04.45 — 'Time and tide wait for no man!' yells inner voice. A light peach glow creeps across thwarts and cockpit. The rapidly ebbing spring tide risks an imminent, embarrassing grounding on the mud if I don't get a move on. Sleepy brain coerces body and limbs into shedding warm night-time attire for slightly damp day clothing that I'd stored inside my bivvy bag — to keep it all dry! An inelegant squirming cockpit dance begins. I'm trying to avoid condensation transferring to bare torso and new day's clothes; early mornings under a tarp tent can be brutal!

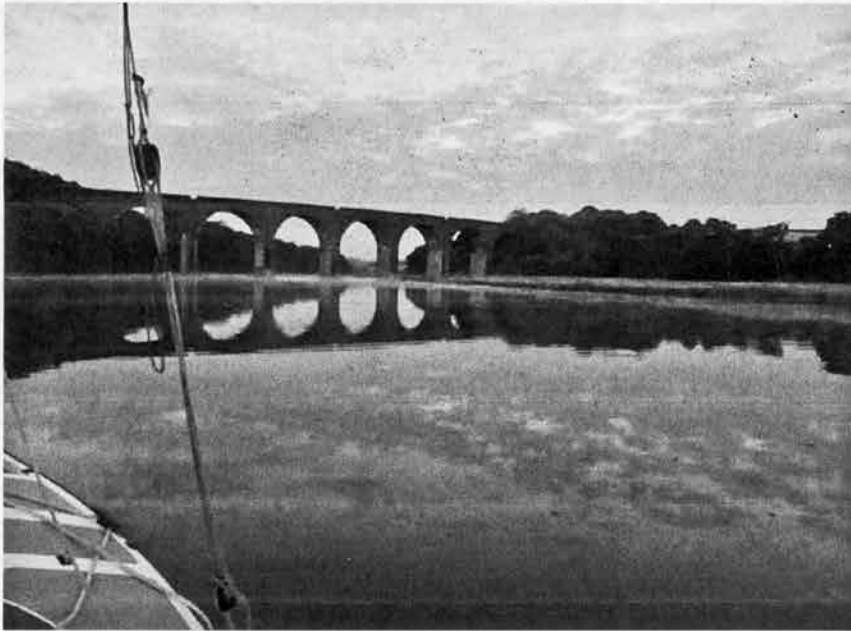
Tent rolled away, a first glimpse of the emerging day with gently flowing river and tendrils of fine mist above warm waters. The first hints of pink and gold caress the upper branches of mighty oaks high on the valley sides. Victorian art critic John Ruskin once declared, 'A dawn, truly observed, is a moment of birth, a call to action for the day. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life.' Lovely words, but it's unlikely he ever had to catch an early morning rapidly ebbing tide. I'll forego any intriguing contemplation about the 'beginning of life'!

05.20 — I paddle *Arwen* downriver to the wider channel, unship the oars but then rest a moment to appreciate the uplifting views. Early morning clouds, tinged flamingo pink, reflect in the still glassy waters; a magical mirror image occasionally obscured by gossamer wisps of morning mist. Drifting downriver with the ebb and an occasional oar stroke, a faint, faint northerly breeze fills and falls. The mizzen flutters for a few precious seconds.

The return down river to Henn Point on the Tamar is a slow languorous drift interspersed with short bursts of rowing and eating the leftover marmite and cheese sarnies from the day before. I've eaten worse! East of Redshank point I'm privileged to witness a truly magnificent sunrise, where smooth surface waters reflect yellow tinted clouds and early morning high plane vapour trails. A

'...Now the cockpit is warm and cosy...'





'...Early morning clouds, tinged flamingo pink, reflect in the still glassy waters...'

later. Wow, I didn't hear them coming!

'Good morning Sir. Saltash Sailing Club have sent us across to collect the £30 overnight mooring fee you owe them,' says the black-clad, rather intimidating Policeman. He's even got his dark sunglasses on!

'I'm sorry, I've only just arrived. I wasn't aware there was a need to pay a mooring fee for a temporary half hour stop, Officer.'

'Ah well, sir, you understand it is very expensive to lay and maintain these moorings; costs have to be recouped. Do you

have proof that you have only just arrived sir?'

Oh my – I am not expecting this!

'I stayed up at Treluggan boatyard last night if you would like to ring them.'

'Ah sir, a bit early for that; they won't be open yet will they – so do you have any other proof sir, otherwise we will have to charge you.'

'Forgive me for asking but do the MOD Police always help out private yacht clubs – shouldn't you be patrolling the frigates?'

'I'm sorry sir! Yes, we do help out our neighbours and they share intelligence with us sir, now what proof do you have you were up Treluggan last night Sir – do you have a GPS track we can download for example, Sir?'

Suppressing exasperating inner voice, (now isn't the time to admit I have problems remembering where speed, compass direction and navigation tracks are on my handheld Garmin). I dig my heels in, refuse to pay

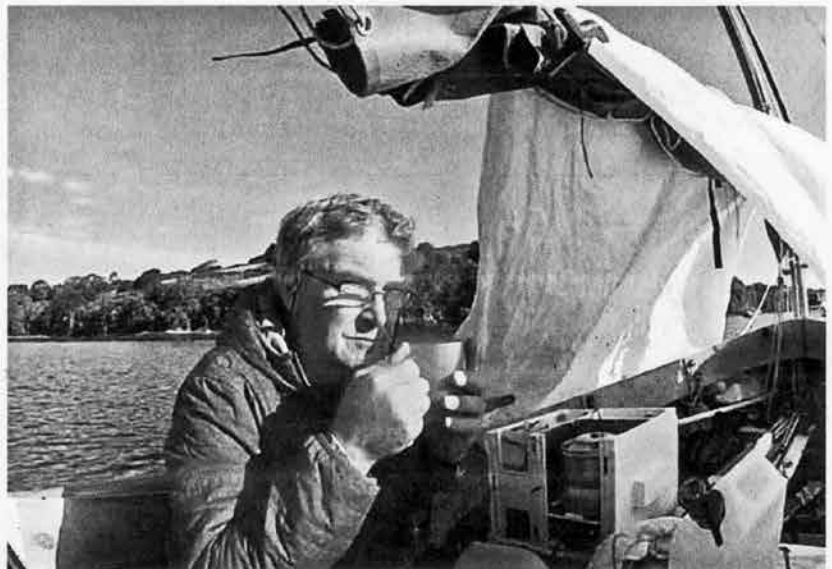
few miles downriver, HMS *Brecon* lies silhouetted. It's breath-taking.

07.50 — '75M, 0.45nm Trematon red can to Ince green buoy'. The anchored Drascombes, passed the previous day in sheltered northern bays, have gone. Off Black Rock, I hoist the main ('slacken the snotter, move boom for'ard' prompts inner voice) and catch the weak northwesterly breeze which carries us downriver past remaining channel buoys where local cormorants sunbathe. Startled, wings outstretch and heads bob vigorously, each bird decides whether to remain or take flight as *Arwen* and I silently glide by. 'Ince Castle to Antony buoy 48M, 0.9nm', says the annotated sketch map in my little yellow book.

Our favourite Henn point mooring buoy is free. It's time for breakfast. The two small terns occupying the buoy courageously attempt to move me on, holding their ground to the last possible moment before wheeling upwards and dive-bombing *Arwen* for a few minutes. A peace offering of half my last cheese and marmite sarnie is refused; the terns' shrill calls are indignant screeches of protest. I feel guilty until an accurate poop bomb splatters *Arwen's* foredeck. Revenge secured, the terns fly south to a neighbouring barge, from where they continue to screech their protestations.

09.15 — Under the partially erected tarp tent, I open the galley box, rustle up a brew and cook bacon and eggs. The large MOD Police boat on morning patrol turns west to languidly head up the Lynher to Jupiter point.

I'm surprised to find the bow of the Police boat no more than 3m off my starboard quarter a few minutes



'...Another cuppa soothes frayed nerves...'

and explain slowly with as much 'irritated teacher tone' as I can muster this early in the morning, that when I pass their pontoon later, I will call in at the club and sort the matter out with them face to face.

The grin across the officer's face is from ear to ear. Turning to a colleague, he calls, 'Told you I'd get him in the end.' Lots of laughter all round and then an introduction. 'The Missus says hello, sends her love and says we are to look out for you on our section of the Tamar.'

Turns out 'his missus' and I worked together for many years. I never met her husband but knew he was a police officer; she just failed to mention he was MOD police! With a wave and several hearty guffaws, the police crew ease away and carry on their slow tour of the Hamoaze; ever-watchful, looking for the abnormal and the non-routine. After this adrenaline surge, I need a lie down. The sun rises higher, breezes build and the tide ebbs faster.

I wake with a start to find it's nearly 10.55, almost two hours have passed. On the Tamar bridges traffic is in full flow and a train lumbers eastward. I check the weather and river conditions. Yellow notebook says, 'low tide around 11.40'. 'Don't panic Steve, plenty of time, wait a while more. Let the tide fill.' Rarely is inner voice this soothing but I brew another cuppa and keep a watchful eye on the MOD boat, who watches me watching them watching me! How terribly disconcerting!

The River Tamar is the border between Devon and Cornwall, a place where local disputes break out over how one should have scones, jam and cream. Mentioned by Ptolemy in the 2nd century, the word Tamar means 'great water' and with its source less than 6 miles from the north Cornwall coast, it's another of those geographical peculiarities that I so love; for the Tamar flows south instead of north due to its particular topography.

Woken from my musings by shouts and noise from the Tamar River Sailing Club: a boat is being swung back into the water on a small crane, an army of hard-hatted men wrestling bow and stern ropes to keep the boat aligned with the quayside wall. Little do I know now that tomorrow I'll be making a 'serious emergency stop' at their pontoon!

For now, though, sailing under the Tamar bridges is exciting. Orange-clad workmen swarm over scaffolding like ants, for the Brunel Railway Bridge, completed in 1859, is getting a makeover. Clear of the bridges, past the free slipway and public pontoon at Saltash Jubilee Green, we leave the mooring trots astern. Assisted by SW breezes and a flooding tide *Arwen* makes 3.4 kts, her mainsail almost fully out against the starboard shroud. Adjacent starboard channel buoys have just re-floated but Kingsmill and Tamerton Lake mudflats have yet to be fully covered. I constantly scan aft for sudden wind gusts whilst keeping a cautious eye on the nearly fully raised centreboard, my ad-hoc depth sounder. Sitting up on the port quarter side deck, I'm thankful for *Arwen's* excellent stability.

Anticipating a potential wind shadow off Neal Point, I helm *Arwen* to a more easterly channel position. 'Stick to the faster flowing mid-channel, Steve.' A train rumbles

across the Tavy river bridge; a tributary to Bere Ferrers that I need to explore, but not today. I'm not confident of how much tide has filled that creek.

12.50 — 'Weir Point yellow buoy to Cargreen starboard pole — 332M, 0.5 nm'. Amidst the Cargreen mooring trots I lose the wind, drift close to some expensive-looking yachts and only just ghost through by the skin of my teeth. Yikes! Two hundred metres later, miscalculating my position, I run out of water depth. I'd been admiring the little wooden boats on their moorings. 'Was that *Spirit of Mystery* over yonder? Haven't learnt your lesson from yesterday have you! Such a muppet — keep your eye on the channel,' says withering inner voice! I paddle-punt myself off the muddy shore, quickly raise mainsail and throw in a rapid tack to regain deeper water once more. Cargreen, once a thriving flower and fishing port with a ferry across to Bere Ferrers, falls abaft as I ping another SPOT 'OK' message to 'her indoors'.

13.35 — At Weir Quay boatyard where the mud banks dry out at 2.4m above low water, the tide just laps the pontoon base. 'That bridge up to land is too steeply inclined; it's a very shallow muddy stream to that pontoon — don't do it Steve; pass by.' Once more, inner voice and courage fail me and I sail by. At worst, it would have been a temporary grounding a few metres off the pontoon until the tide floated me! Nothing ventured, nothing gained or learned! Regret, self-chastisement. A pity, another place left unexplored; maybe next trip then.

Variable 4kt SW breezes blow us into the first bend of a large meander that doubles back on itself. I adjust snorter and luff tension to gain more 'bag' in the sail. 'Hug the northern shore — deeper water,' says notebook. I need a plan. 'Reach around bend, rapid short tack down southerly channel stretch; gybe onto northerly run as the meander straightens to Halton Quay.' Well that's the theory. I reach for the 'nerve calming' Murray Mints; I'm out of 'comforting' cheese and marmite sarnies! 'No outboard, sail and oar; no outboard, sail and oar,' I'm chanting to myself and frankly, that's weird!

Barely making 1.3kts in a fading, sultry breeze. Main-sheet hangs from aft boom, dragging in the water; the sail is lifeless out over the starboard beam. 'Sloppy seamanship Steve,' chides inner voice, thus prompting me to grab a handful of slack sheets back into the boat. Becalmed moments later on this outside bend, two metres from the muddy shore, I start to drift backwards at a disconcerting speed and then stupidly attempt to ferry glide backwards to the slower current on the opposite channel side. Easy to do in an open canoe, but here's the thing — note to self — *Arwen* is NOT an open canoe!

Relieved! A whispering breeze across the floodplain moves us forwards once more but 'the plan' is out the window. I forgot that faster river flow on outside meander bends might slow the boat's forward passage speed despite a flooding spring tide push. 'Expect the unexpected Steve — dur!' I suck another Murray Mint!

I scrutinise the centreboard over the inner bend muddy shallows whilst simultaneously looking for the hulk of an old paddle steamer hidden away in reeds on



Looking back south down the meander loop —

Pentille Castle and its small quay are seen top right.

the opposite shore. What a sight she must have made in the early 20th century, carrying tourists up the Tamar to Cotehele or Calstock on the big spring tides. The scenery is dramatically changing now as we drift past old, dilapidated wooden piers, collapsed trees and reed-fringed muddy beaches. There is an agricultural, rural calm to the river valley; a tractor chugs past low hooped poly-tunnels, and herons, suddenly alarmed by our presence, take off, skimming low across brown waters, the beat of their long wings rhythmic and steady. Beyond the mud flats with their egrets and oystercatchers lie green fields and yellow splashes of buttercups and celandines. Gloriously striking scenery, the upper Tamar valley is a European Special Area of Conservation and an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. I spot an avocet and a curlew.

14.25 — It's tempting to nosey into that narrow waterway running deep into margin reed beds. A real exploratory adventure, but the channel is barely the width of *Arwen's* hull and is choked with rafts of old tangled reeds. 'Don't risk it Steve. You'll get stuck Steve. You can't use the outboard in there, Steve.' Getting in will be easy, getting out — less so. 'Can you oar-punt a 15ft boat backwards?' Between reed beds, glimpses of an unexplored natural world and further back, expensive, exquisite cottages in splendid rural isolation. What an amazing place to live.

Glistening mud flats are punctuated by sporadic driftwood tree branches, their silvery bleached twigs reaching skywards like skeletal wrists and forearms. Short tacking proves hard work in light breezes and I run aground twice, missing the shuddering centreboard each time. An old RYA Day Skipper theory course leader of mine had a few adages. 'Good pilotage is thinking about the area that's 10 minutes ahead of where you are in reality.' Um! That ability to spot any hazards missed during 'passage planning' research sessions and to formulate safe plans for dealing with them on

the hoof. Good at this in the mountains, I'm genuinely hopeless at it out on the water! Go figure!

So it is no surprise to me that once more I fail to anticipate a wind shadow just before the open parkland of Pentille Castle. River current alone carries us past Pentille quayside with its old Victorian bathing hut. 0.7kts! The Castle, built in 1698 and enlarged in 1809 is high above us. Now an award-winning wedding venue, the gardens and remodelled house were based on a Humphrey Repton 'Red Book'. I furl the drooping jib, loosen the snottier and luff tension a tad more and nudge *Arwen* towards the lee shore; a forlorn hope that winds will spill down the western bare grassland slopes beyond the quayside and across the channel.

Mizzen and mainsail flutter and fill, jib is unfurled. *Arwen* surges ahead on a near beam reach towards Halton Quay. Wow — good call!

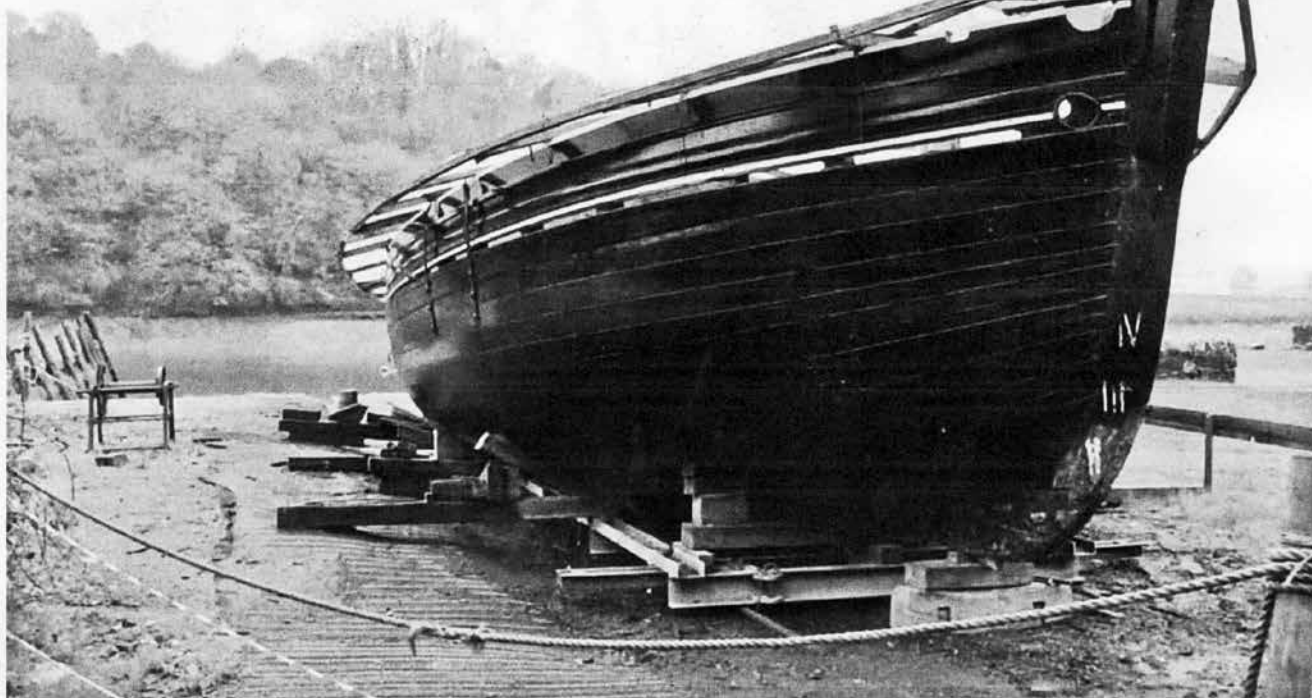
Topping lift raises the sprit boom slightly, mainsail is dropped between lazy jacks and I deftly raise centreboard and rudder. One set of fluid movements all done a mere boat length or two off the beach. *Arwen's* bow comes to rest with barely a tremor in front of Halton Quay limekilns. That stony beach turns out to be thick gloopy mud and after one wellie sinks knee deep, I abandon my walk to shore. Limekilns, quay and small chapel will have to be explored another time. Frustrating, for the little white two-storey chapel is the smallest in the UK, built in the 7th century when Irish Saints Intract and Dominica landed, bringing Christianity to this area.

15.30 — A few minutes sunbathing and admiring the cottages and farmscape and the rising tide re-floats



Approaching Cotehele Quay

SHAMROCK — Tamar sailing barge, 1899



Arwen. Shifting breezes enable exciting upriver tacking right into the very shallow water. Tacking for speed rather than upriver progress? Is there a slight downriver sideways slippage in this section of the river, or am I imagining it?

Between Halton and Cotehele the river narrows considerably and whilst I duck back and forth under the boom, the inevitable happens. My perfectly timed tack run to the very edge ends as a lee shore grounding; the jib sheet catching the forward edge of the sprit boom. I trip over a pile of main and mizzen sheet halyards on the cockpit floor. The bruised knee cap proves painful for the rest of the day. 'That will teach you,' admonishes inner voice. 'Tidy your sheets, trim your sails properly.'

16.15 — The approach to Cotehele Quay is an exquisite reed-fringed channel with distant views across marshes and market-gardened hills. A cream tea beckons in the Edgecumbe Arms Tea House. I sail past the quays, execute a ridiculously tight tack back downriver to face into the tide and quickly douse all sails. A few deft strokes of the paddle and I'm alongside the wooden staircase by the deeper quayside; the painter is rapidly looped around wooden uprights and with bow and stern warps in hand I've bounded up the steps and looped them over convenient bollards.

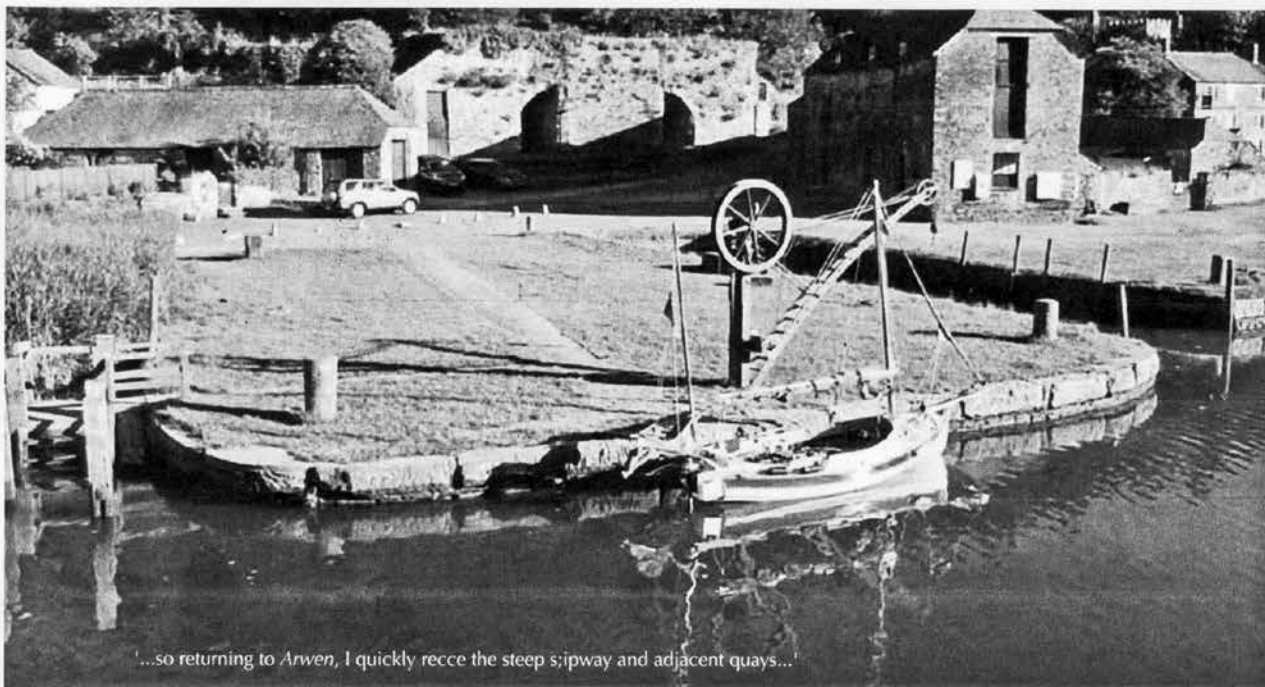
I'm shocked. What possessed me to try that stunt in such a narrow river? Never in a thousand years will I ever manage that again. The slow realisation of a potential near disaster averted in front of hordes of tourists, by sheer dumb luck rather than skilled judgement, slowly dawns on me. I wobble across to take a peek

at *Shamrock* under her tarp tent workshop covers and, suddenly weak-kneed, I don't feel like having a cream tea anymore.

Shamrock. 57ft 6ins long, a hold depth of 5ft 4ins and main mast height of 42ft. Built in the Stonehouse yard of Frederick Hawke as a ketch-rigged Tamar sailing barge in 1899, she is undergoing another restoration by the National Trust and National Maritime Trust. In her heyday she was considered to be the most advanced Tamar sailing barge ever built, carrying the maximum cargo for her size on the minimum draft at the lowest operating and maintenance costs.

I grab a tea, trip over some Victorian maritime relics scattered across the quayside and then take a peek in the little discovery museum in one of the old warehouses. The limekilns now lie disused, streaked white with lime and colonised by verdant green mosses and climbers. A hundred and twenty years ago these cobbled quays must have been quite a sight, covered with crates and casks, piles of coal, limestone, copper ore, farm produce and Cornish slate.

16.50 — No time to stroll up the hill to visit the medieval Tudor house with its extensive gardens, old medieval dovecote and stew pond or to walk around the corner to the old working mill house. It's almost high tide, so returning to *Arwen*, I quickly recce the steep slipway and adjacent quays and then 'visualise' my departure. Mooring ropes are looped around bollards so that I can retrieve them from within *Arwen*; mainsail, snorter and sprit boom sorted ready for a quick sail raise. 'Push *Arwen* well clear so boomkin clears wall, let wind



'...so returning to *Arwen*, I quickly recce the steep slipway and adjacent quays...'

and tide turn her broadside, unfurl jib — quicker swing around; haul up mainsail,' advises a shaky, somewhat doubtful inner voice. To my surprise, the 'scarily over-ambitious, probably wrong plan' manoeuvres work; sort of — I scraped the boomkin tip! Mid-river, the mainsail fills and we move very sedately up river once more.

In the windless lee of steep-sided, wooded slopes where trees overhang the narrow channel, I drop all sails. 'Don't use the outboard — almost there — use the oars, use the oars.' Motivational inner voice forgets that the oars are 1ft too short, my seating position a few inches too high. Rowing is awkward, unstylish, clunky; but I negotiate the sharp right-hand bend and the last hundred metres to the boatyard pontoon. I miss the stunning view upriver to the remarkable viaduct. Is it the wind or my sigh of relief after arriving alongside the boatyard pontoon, that can be heard echoing off surrounding hillsides?

19.55 — rafted alongside a 18ft dayboat, odd bits of flotsam bump *Arwen's* hull. Neighbouring reed beds are full of bird life as moorhen chicks and ducklings scurry back and forth. Noise from pub revellers drifts downriver mixing with the rhythmic stroke of oars against rowlocks. The local gig passes by at speed and ducklings scatter. Resident swans bully me out of my rich tea biscuits.

I've showered, made coffee in the little boatyard kitchen, sampled some home-made cake and left a contribution in the honesty box. My £10 mooring fee has been shoved under the office door. I'm well-fed, having cooked supper at a picnic table overlooking the river earlier in the evening. After exploring the little boatyard, (the owners describe everything here as 'irie' and 'no-frills'), I've walked to the village centre and back, stopping off to admire some local pottery for sale, old tram inclines and the rows of small cottages on the narrow, steep streets. The 120ft high Victorian railway viaduct is stupendous! Calstock, 12 miles upriver from Plymouth, is a port from Saxon times, a Roman tin

trading post and a former booming 19th century mining town. Now, it is a sleepy village with thriving arts scene; a lovely destination to visit by boat.

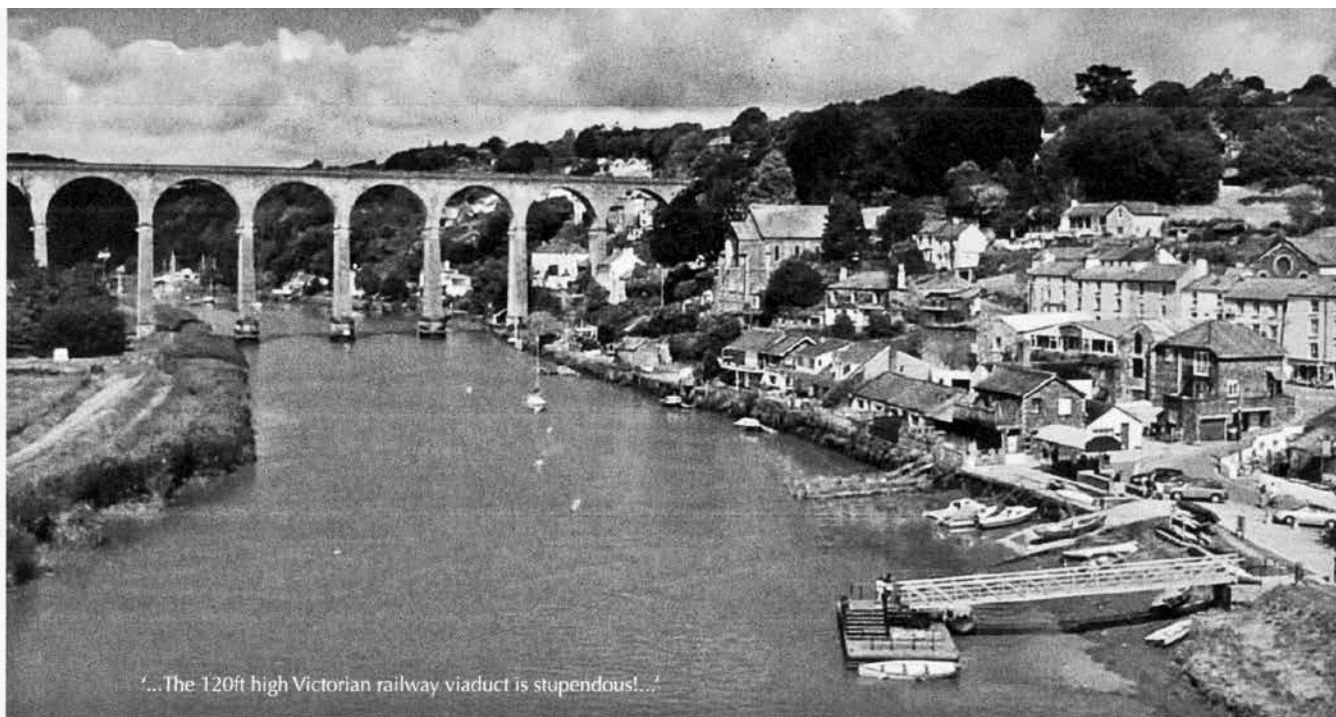
I think the yellow note book fell out of my hand around 22.15. I awake during the night, 02.35. I can't recall checking the mooring warps; this healthy dose of paranoia sees me extracting myself from the comfort of my sleeping bag to brave the chilly night air to check them!

08.30 — At Cotehele Quay for a bacon sarnie and a coffee. I stay too long, only just managing to climb down the staircase and into *Arwen*. Another twenty minutes and we'd have been stuck there until the tide had ebbed and flooded back in. 'Strategic pilotage not one of your fortes,' sneers inner voice.

The late departure has consequences. Reaching Weir Quay by sail, oar and paddle, the ebb is now in full flow against a rising stiff southerly breeze. Choppy and bouncy, I abandon sailing at Cargreen, hooking onto an exposed vacant mooring to wait out the strong ebb, praying the wind might drop. Later, I stubbornly try sailing down to Neal Point above Saltash but admit defeat. With white horses everywhere and a steep nasty chop, I've run out of channel width as the mudflats become fully exposed. *Arwen's* hull repeatedly slams up and down, short tacking is really hard and any rowing to windward proves impossible for me! 'Should have stayed at Cargreen,' says 'hindsight' inner voice.

Ashamed, defeated, I lower the outboard!

Past Kingsmill and Tamerton Lakes, *Arwen* slams and corkscrews up and down, the outboard straining as it lifts and plunges in foamy seas. Dollops of spray hurtle from the bow to be whipped away on the wind. Thirty metres from the central span of the Brunel bridge, an explosive crack practically stops my rapidly beating heart. The engine is hanging off the transom, secured by just a 5mm rope that ties it to a cleat on the inside coaming. The outboard bracket has partially snapped —



‘...The 120ft high Victorian railway viaduct is stupendous!...’

a long horizontal crack from side to side; a piece flaps under the weight of the outboard.

Truthfully, I can't remember what happens in the following five minutes; vague recollections of one hand holding the outboard, the other controlling the outboard tiller, me hanging out over the transom. Somehow, I reach the Tamar Sailing Club pontoon; an ungainly crash arrival causing several new dings in *Arwen's* paintwork and rub rails!

Panic, terror, overwhelming relief! Several mistakes made earlier almost culminate in a disaster — loss of outboard, damage to transom, near broadside against a bridge support, a potential MOB! A kindly boat engineer arrives with buckle straps. Together we jury rig outboard and bracket so that the engine is firmly re-attached and broken bracket secure and immovable. His local advice proves invaluable; under reduced engine speed I creep across to the sheltered western shore and hug it all the way down through Torpoint. A ferry pauses to let me struggle through. Off Millbrook lake, in the lee of Cremyll Point, I hook-up to a vacant mooring and spend the remaining afternoon waiting for calmer conditions.

18.20 — A chastened skipper later sails past Barn Pool, Drakes Island and Plymouth Hoe, arriving back at QAB Marina several hours later than intended.

04.37 — The wee early morning hours now and I haven't slept well. I'm reflecting on the lessons learned from this voyage. Have a little more faith in my abilities perhaps? An urgent need to develop better pilotage problem-solving skills and coordination of tidal, wind and topography information in my thought processes. To stretch myself by taking on those more challenging forays into little tributaries and lakes, pushing myself outside my comfort zone? 'Adventurous in the mountains and on land expeditions, you are too 'risk-averse' out on the water.' Sort out the inaccessible foredeck hatch, repair the hull dents and dings. Alter the oar and seating

positions once and for all and lots, lots more rowing practice in different conditions.

I'm ashamed of my panicky decision-making at Cargreen yesterday. I'm better than that. That can't happen again! 'Should have waited it out at Cargreen; should have hauled out at the Tamar Club', whispers a contrite inner voice.

Interested in the work of Alastair Humphreys, the author and adventurer who devised the concept of 'micro adventure', I hope my three-day voyage fulfils his ideals — an opportunity close to home, out in the wildscape on an invigorating, enjoyable and cheap journey. No, it wasn't spontaneous, for it involved lots of pre-planning and preparation. No, I didn't fully take the chance to discover new places in my own backyard. Yes, it stretched me mentally and physically. Did I learn some new skills? Maybe. Way outside my comfort zone, narrow channels instead of the wide expanse of Plymouth sound? Absolutely.

For me, yes, it was challenging; a testing foray into tidal river dinghy cruising. 'And, be fair, you did manage to avoid using the outboard for two days at least, Steve,' says my consoling inner voice. *SP*

My blog: www.arwensmeanderings.blogspot.co.uk

My YouTube channel: [www.YouTube.com/c/](http://www.YouTube.com/c/plymouthwelshboy)

plymouthwelshboy

Treluggan Boatyard: <http://www.trelugganboatyard.co.uk/>

(PS: An apology. In my first article I wrongly called the Treluggan Boatyard manager 'Graham'. Truly sorry, Richard!)

Calstock Boatyard: <https://www.calstockboatyard.co.uk/>

Other launch sites around the Sound and Tamar

<https://www.plymouth.gov.uk/maritimeservices/slipways>

<http://www.boatlaunch.co.uk/#/map>

Erroll Bruce
Deep Sea Sailing (1953)

Tavy II, 35' overall length, was mildly pooped when rounding too close to a lee shore headland off the China coast. A ton or two of water aboard need not have been dangerous if the ship had been properly secured, but this wave swept forward on deck and jammed the steering wheel with the loose end of the main sheet, whose boom had been hauled aft for a gybe, then overturned a can of paraffin to start a good blaze and finally snarled all the halyards round the main mast into a hopeless tangle.

The fire flared up under the main boom, jammed aft by its sheet in the steering wheel, and lapped up to the foot of the sail, so someone decided to douse it by lowering the spray sodden main sail on the run, he was himself in a hot and smoky position to lee of the fire so, finding both halyards tangled, sawed at the ropes with his knife. They were the wrong ropes and brought down both headsails. His next effort brought about a confusion of boom, sail and gaff on the deck which effectively exterminated the fire but nearly did the same for the rest of the crew.

Someone else, seeing the yacht forging ahead towards angry breakers, hurled a sea anchor over the side, complete with its tripping line in a tight coil, the warp stampeded out and the bight took our only engine starting handle with it, besides coming near to taking some assorted limbs of the crew as well. Fortunately the end of the warp was secured just in time for the sea anchor to check the way of the yacht, giving a chance to clear the steering wheel, rig another fore halyard and confirm that the fire was out and sail clear of the rocks.

Little harm resulted and at 18 years old we considered ourselves fine seamen to have weathered such a situation, which we felt had been brought about by the poor design of the yacht that became pooped so badly. Yet by the next day we had agreed that it might be best to keep the adventure to ourselves as we had planned further cruises and the naval authorities might view the episode in quite a different light.

This was indeed likely as the incident was directly due to my misjudgment when gybing in disturbed water close to the headland, accompanied by an even more serious failure to have the ship thoroughly secured for sea and, worse still, I had been unable to take charge of my crew in an emergency.

The only spark of good seamanship in the story is that, protected by a span of more than 20 years that has covered a little more experience of sailing, one is able to admit what happened.

Stories From the Days of Sail

Part 2 of 6

Submitted by Duncan Wright
Reprinted from JGTSCA News Notes

The Sailor; Assuming Command



Linda DePauw
Seafaring Women (1982)

After her marriage Mary Patten went to sea with her husband, captain of the clipper *Neptune's Car*. She learned to navigate and handle the ship. The captain wrote in his log, "Mrs Patten is uncommon handy about the ship, even in weather, and would doubtless be of service if a man."

The *Neptune's Car* left New York on a second voyage, bound for San Francisco, on July 1, 1856, in a race with two other clippers. To slow her down, a rival shipping firm had placed onboard a saboteur, the first mate. When the captain discovered this he put the mate in irons and took over his watches. He did not "dare to promote the second mate who was illiterate and knew nothing of navigation."

Approaching Cape Horn, Captain Patten kept to the deck day and night, became exhausted, then ill, then delirious. He was put to bed. The first mate, still in irons, urged the crew to mutiny, saying that Mary Patten was unfit to assume command. But she gave a speech to the crew "assuring them that she could get them to San Francisco as long as she had their support and they believed her."

For 50 nights she slept in her clothes. "During one 48-hour period she was constantly on the quarterdeck," shouting orders through a speaking trumpet over the sound of the wind. On November 15 the *Neptune's Car* sailed into San Francisco Bay, 136 days out of New York.

The insurance company that underwrote the *Neptune's Car* sent Mary Patten a gift of \$1,000 with a letter, saying in part, "we do not know of an instance on record where a woman has been called upon to assume command of a large and valuable vessel and exercised proper control over a large number of seamen and, by her own skill and energy, impressing them with a confidence and reliance making all subordinate and obedient to that command."

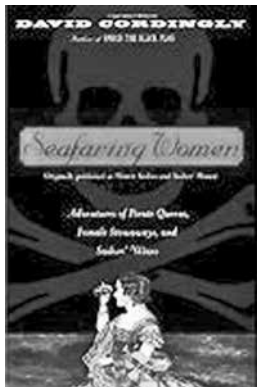
Mary Patten was 19 years old and four months pregnant.

Frank Bullen
The Log of a Sea Waif (1899)

We had sailed from the Bay of Bengal and now were near the end of our passage, in the English Channel in a following gale. "Captain Smith, though thoroughly at home on the Indian coasts, had a great dread of his own shores..." He shortened sail, much to everyone's disgust. Ship after ship passed us and sped away homewards. "Before we had sighted land or light it came down a thick fog.... we hove to, keeping the foghorn going with its melancholy bray for six hours. The anxiety was exceedingly great for at any moment we were liable to be run down" by a ship whose commander was more venturesome than ours. Suddenly out of the gloom came a hoarse hail, "D'ye want a pilot, sir?" Without a moment's hesitation the old man replied, "Yes, where are you?" He had hardly spoken when the dim outlines of a lugger came into view close alongside...

"How much?" queried the captain. "Five pounds sir!" came promptly back. "All right, come aboard!" said the old man... "Heave us a line, please, sir!" came up from the darkness where we could see the shadowy form of the big boat tossing and tumbling in the heavy sea. The main brace was flung out to her and, as she sheered in toward us, a black bundle seemed to hurl itself at us and in a few seconds stood erect and dripping on deck, a man swathed in oilskins 'til he looked like a mummy.

Only pausing to dash the water out of his eyes, he shouted, "Square the mainyard!" and, walking aft to the helmsman, ordered him to "keep her away." A minute before all had been miserable in the extreme and the bitter gale roaring overhead seemed to be withering the life out of us. But what a change! The man seemed to have brought fine weather with him, the perfect confidence that everyone had in him dispelling every gloomy thought.



Lake Huron, North Channel

At the end of the last installment it was July 12. I had just dropped my wife Meg off at the Sault Ste Marie airport as she had used up her vacation time. The morning of July 13, feeling lonely and bereft, I drove back to the marina at Spanish, Ontario, to begin a ten day solo cruise. The North Channel gets a lot of hype. Here's an example from an article in the online magazine *Great Lakes Scuttlebutt*:

"Known as one of the world's best freshwater cruising grounds, the North Channel connects Georgian Bay at the north shore of Lake Huron to Lake Superior and is sandwiched between Manitoulin, the world's largest freshwater island, and the mainland. The channel spans two regions of Ontario, North-eastern Ontario (only a few hours' drive from Toronto or Ottawa) and Algoma Country (bordering Michigan). The North Channel is 160 nautical miles of big, beautiful open space that is well suited to seasoned captains and novices alike."

Having read so much about the wonders of the North Channel I had high hopes and great expectations. During my visit the water level was higher than normal. In fact, the dock at the marina where I launched was about 6" underwater. The staff at the fuel dock wore knee high rubber boots as they waded out to fill *Tidings'* 4gal fuel tank with Diesel. The high water flooded many of the beaches and changed the look of uninhabited areas of the shoreline. I stayed in the eastern end of the channel during my visit because it offers more protection and shorter distances between sheltered anchorages than the western part. Because of these factors I think I missed some of the splendor.

I had intended to start my cruise the afternoon of July 13 but when I got back to the boat the wind was blowing about 20 knots. Later I learned that this is a pattern. The wind often blew at 15-20 knots in the afternoon. But it would ease to about 5 knots by evening. Not knowing that, I decided to spend another night at the marina. The swarms of mosquitoes made their appearance right on time as the sun set. I hid in the cabin, using the 12volt fan to get some air moving through and grateful to have the new screen on the bow hatch. It was a peaceful night and I slept well.

The next morning I headed southeast through the Little Detroit passage and into McBean Channel with Fox Island as my destination. The Little Detroit passage is unique in my experience. It is a narrow, rock bound gap between Black Fly Point on the mainland and the eastern tip of Aird Island. The width is about 100' and there is a turn in the middle making it difficult to see traffic approaching from the other end. The local traffic makes Securite radio calls on VHF Channel 16 to announce their vessel type and the direction and timing of their approach. I had heard these calls the previous day and wondered why Canadian boaters were so darn chatty.

As I approached the passage the reason for the calls became clear and I made my own announcement, "Securite! Securite! This is the sailing vessel *Tidings* approaching Little Detroit passage from the north, arriving in five minutes." Thankfully there was no northbound traffic when I went through and *Tidings* motored into McBean Channel on a calm sunny morning.

The wind didn't fill in until noon. I was content to enjoy the sunshine and have the D-sail pushing me along at 4 knots, running

Tidings' Great Adventure Season 2

Part 4 – Lake Huron

By Douglass Oeller
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

Background

This article is the fourth in a series recounting *Tidings'* 2019 cruise. 2019 was the second summer of my continuing adventure to circumnavigate the "Lower 48" of the United States in a 19' Cornish Shrimper named *Tidings*. The plan is to do the circumnavigation over a period of five to six years, leaving the boat where she ends up when the warm weather stops each year. The trip began at Kent Island, Maryland, in May of 2018 and ended Season One in August in Rockland, Maine. Season Two began in June of 2019 with a shakedown cruise in Upstate New York on Canandaigua Lake and continued with cruises on Lake Champlain, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and Lake Superior. *Tidings* and I traveled several thousand miles by road and a few hundred by water. I hope you will enjoy the stories.

just above idle speed with its pleasant pop pop popping sound. But I was even more happy to enjoy the quiet when I finally shut it down and raised sail. Because of the motor-ing I reached Fox Island earlier than expected and decided to keep sailing a while longer.

I turned south toward Innes Island. The wind was from the southwest and the chart shows an anchorage on the east side of the island. When I arrived I wasn't satisfied with the shelter. So I sailed east into Beatty Bay which is on the west side of Clapper-ton Island. I don't know why this spot isn't marked as an anchorage. It provides much better protection than the one shown at Innes and has good holding ground.

It was calm and quiet in the anchorage. *Tidings* was the only boat and there is no town, just a pristine rocky shore bordered by trees. I took my binoculars and went for a row in *PS* (my nutshell pram) in the early evening. Mostly I just sat still and let the boat drift while I surveyed the shore. I saw loons, common mergansers and a pair of otters.

It was a special treat for me to watch those otters because they seemed to be having such fun. They frolicked in the shallow water near shore for a while and then walked up onto the cobblestone beach, shaking their fur like dogs. Then one nudged the other with a nose to the shoulder and they scurried up into the trees. To me that nudge looked like a display of affection. I rowed back to *Tidings*, cooked a simple dinner and spent a peaceful night at anchor.

The next day I enjoyed one of the great pleasures of freshwater sailing, which is the morning swim. Growing up on the East Coast of the United States I have been a salt-water sailor all my life. I love to swim and do so every chance I get. But a swim in salt-water leaves my skin salty, even if I dry off quickly. On the other hand, a swim in clean, fresh water is like taking a bath. I took advantage of the solitude to swim au naturel and air dried sitting in the sun. Talk about commun-

ing with nature!

While drying off I got out the chart book to plan for the day. Just north of Clapper-ton Island lie the Benjamin Islands, North and South, with a small harbor between. The cruising guide mentions pink granite rocks and "breathtaking views." The islands were only six miles away so I decided to spend the morning tidying up the boat before leaving the anchorage. The bilge was dry, which is a good thing. But it had a slight Diesel smell, which is a bad thing. I poured some biodegradable liquid soap into a bucket of lake water and dumped that into the bilge. Then I added another gallon of lake water and left it there to agitate during the day's sail.

I topped off the Diesel tank and raised sail around noon. The wind was still from the southwest and blowing at 10 knots. It was an easy reach out of the harbor and then downwind through the Sow and Pigs group of small islands to Croker Island. I hove to for a quick lunch just east of the Benjamins. Then it was a series of short tacks to make the entrance to Benjamin Harbor where I planned to anchor for the night. The islands are indeed beautiful but I found the harbor already crowded with boats at anchor when I arrived in mid afternoon. Many were playing loud music. People in inflatable dinghies with outboard motors were buzzing around everywhere I looked. It was a raucous scene and the people there were having a great day enjoying their boats and each other's company.

I prefer quiet anchorages so I did a harbor tour to admire the rocks, which did not look pink to me, and the other vessels (none of which were pink either). Then I made my exit in search of somewhere quieter. I hove to just outside the harbor, studied the chart and chose two possible anchorages to the southeast. Amendroz Island was four and a half miles away. Bedford Island was five miles past that. There was plenty of daylight left and the course was a broad reach. I penciled both courses on my chart and got underway. It was a glorious late afternoon sail. This is my favorite time of day as the angle of the setting sun continually changes the light on the water. The wind kept steady at 10 knots and *Tidings* surged along happily. I felt lucky to be alive and to be doing what I enjoy so much.

I reached Amendroz Island at 1700 but wasn't yet ready to stop. Instead, I bellowed out a sea chanty, "We'll Roll the Old Chariot Along," and kept *Tidings* rolling along until we reached Bedford Island an hour and a half later. I lowered and set the anchor, pumped the soapy water out of the bilge and fixed a hot dinner of rice with precooked chicken and peas.

My normal schedule when cruising in *Tidings* is to stop at a marina every third night so I can drop off my trash and WAG bags, take a shower and get fresh ice for the cooler. So, after another leisurely morning at anchor on July 16, I plotted a course toward Spider Bay Marina in the town of Little Current on Manitoulin Island. The forecast was for sunny skies and southwest winds of 15-20 knots that afternoon.

I tied a single reef in the mainsail before leaving the anchorage and was happy to have done so once we cleared the shelter of Bedford Harbor and felt the full force of the breeze. The course to reach Little Current was directly upwind for about four miles through the Waubono Channel. The channel is only three quarters of a mile wide. *Tidings*, being gaff rigged, does not point very high.

Nevertheless, I enjoyed working her to windward. I established a rhythm of tacking about every ten minutes and it felt good to be busy and in harmony with my boat.

I reached the marina in the mid afternoon. Spider Bay Marina, which is run by the Port of Little Current, is a large facility with 130 slips, well maintained docks and clean restrooms. Most of the slips were full when I arrived. But they had a transient slip available on a floating dock conveniently located near the shore. *Tidings*, as usual, was the smallest boat there. My neighbors on one side were a retired couple with a lovely 40' trawler yacht. A young couple in a well used 30' keelboat were on the other side. Both couples were friendly and eager to chat with me. *Tidings* has that effect on people.

We talked about boats, places we'd been and places we hoped to visit. Both couples had sailed in various places but favored the North Channel above all others. I had encountered the same attitude in Nova Scotia during my 2017 cruise in Bras d'Or Lake and in Maine during my 2018 Downeast cruise. It reaffirmed for me the advantage of owning a trailerable cruising sailboat. In three consecutive summers I had sailed in three "best ever" locations.

My slip had electricity, which the Canadians call "hydro" because it comes from hydroelectric plants, and water. I took the opportunity to give *Tidings* a thorough cleaning with biodegradable Boat Soap. Then it was time to recharge my electronic devices. *Tidings* is not wired for shore power. I carry a 25' marine grade cord that has a shore

power twist type plug on the male end and standard 110volt female outlet on the other end. I plug a household power strip into the extension cord. This allows me to charge my phone, computer and a Goal Zero Yeti 150 lithium battery device simultaneously. When I don't have access to shore power the Goal Zero device provides enough battery power to keep the phone, computer and a 12volt fan running for about three days.

Having taken care of the housekeeping chores, I shouldered my small backpack and walked about two miles to a grocery store to pick up more provisions. The weather was sunny and hot and I worked up quite a thirst during that walk. Naturally, I bought a six-pack of cold beer along with my groceries. There wasn't room enough in the backpack so I carried the beer separately. It was remarkable how heavy a six-pack of bottled beer got when I lugged it for two miles back to my boat on a hot day. As soon as I got back to *Tidings* I sat down and savored one of those beers. Then I showered, took a stroll around town, stopped for dinner in a pub near the waterfront and returned to the boat ready for a peaceful night's sleep and musing that I liked Little Current very much.

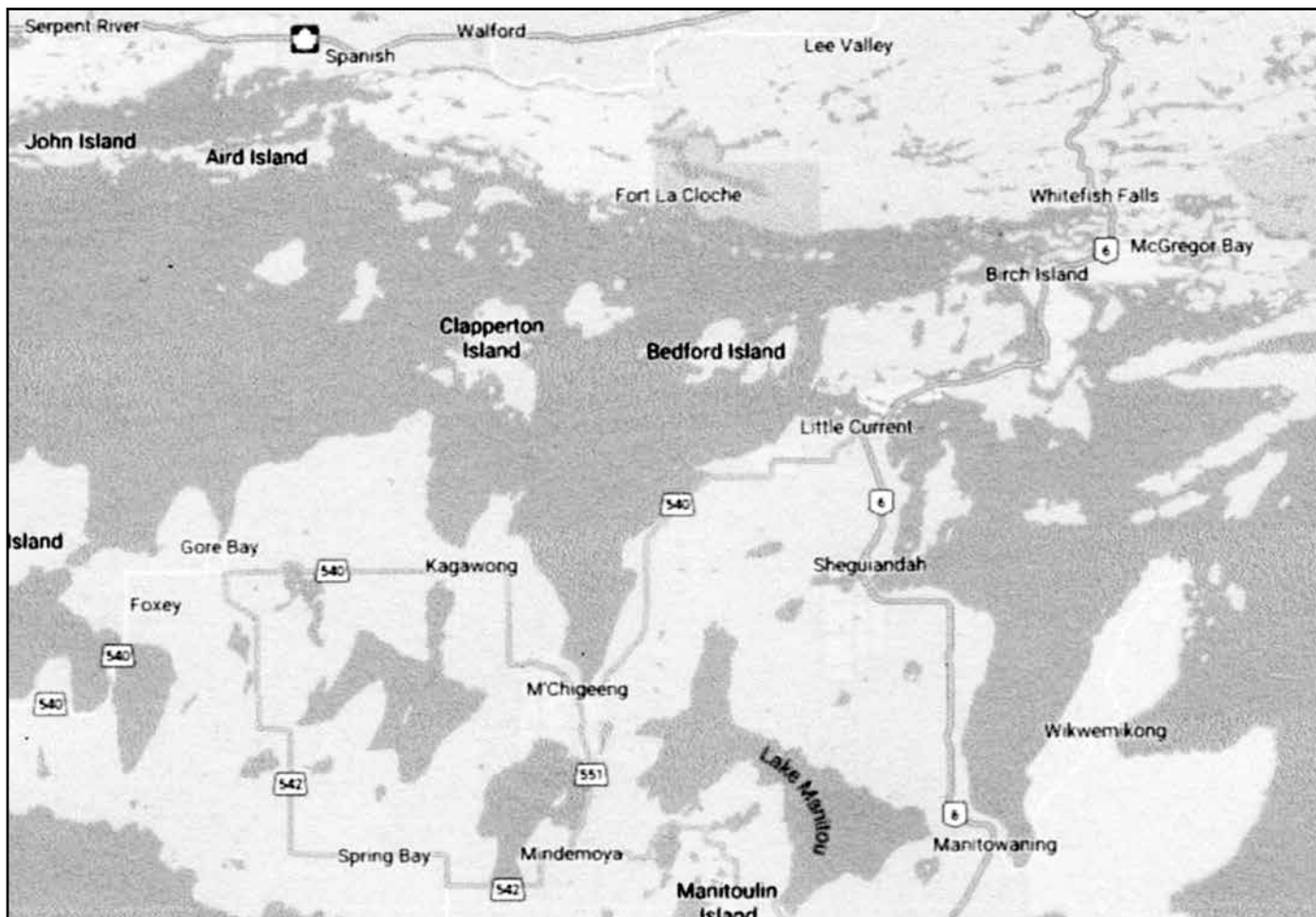
The following morning, July 17, I had the D-sail serviced (oil change, oil filter, fuel filter) by a technician from Boyle's Marina. Then I topped off the fuel tanks and plotted a course eastward toward Lansdowne Channel and Killarney Bay. Little Current is on Manitoulin Island, which is connected to Goat Island by a one lane swing bridge that was built in 1913.

Like most swing bridges, this one was originally built for rail traffic. It was "improved to also carry motor vehicle traffic" in the 1940s. Now it is paved and used only for motor vehicles. There is a series of traffic lights on each end. Motorists wait patiently to enter or leave the island. It seems an archaic system. But it is also very charming and well suited to the geography and the general mood of the place. The course toward Killarney took me past that bridge. The bridge opens for boat traffic for the first 15 minutes of each hour during summer months. *Tidings* and I lined up in a parade of vessels to make our way through at 1500.

The wind had shifted to the east, which was our direction of travel, so I kept the D-sail going and chugged along at 4.5 knots, passing Strawberry Island, Heywood Island and Partridge Island to enter Lansdowne Channel in the late afternoon. The course then changed from east to northeast. I shut down the D-sail, raised the main and jib and proceeded close hauled on a starboard tack until the wind gave out two hours later. No worries. It was a lovely warm evening and the trusty D-sail took us the rest of the way to a cove on the southwest end of Badgeley Island where I dropped anchor in the early evening.

Once again, *Tidings* was the only boat in the anchorage. I sat in my favorite spot facing the stern with my back leaned against the aft bulkhead of the cabin and my legs outstretched on the cockpit seat. The beer was still ice cold. I prepared a plate of cheese and crackers and olives. And it was pure luxury to enjoy that simple meal in the ambience of such an unspoiled place.

(To be Continued)





Meandering the Texas Coast

Sailing

By Michael Beebe

Sailing today, the wind was NNE, maybe 10 to 15. There was briskness with the sail today. A shirt, sweater and jacket of nylon that I gave a treatment to of silicone mixed with mineral spirits. Stirred it all up, painted it on the jacket with a chip brush. It is slippery. Water beads off and the wind stays on the outside. I would think this jacket is not one to be worn when dating and, seeing how I mostly sail alone, it's not a problem. It took about five or six days for the thing to dry. Worth the wait.

The briskness of the day had me in a knit hat as well. It was a nice sail. Leaving the harbour, with the wind direction being what it was, called for a bunch of tacks. Motoring by the harbour mouth was a sailboat with all sails furled. Probably wise of him, short tacking a bigger boat like that one would easily find the mud bank as the water was low as well.

A few weeks back I spoke to a fellow out on the water in his Mayfly 14, he'd built the 14' sailboat and really likes it. Other than that I don't see very many sailboats out and about on the water. I know they're out there, just not when I'm out and about. When I see another sailboat I'm drawn to it like a moth to the light on the back porch. Like meeting a fellow American in an out of the way place in another country.

A couple of years back I was driving through the marina parking lot and saw another small boat sailor setting up his boat.



After sharing words I told him I'd see him out there. I went home and hooked up my boat and trailer and launched at the other end of the harbour, about a half mile away. Thinking he was already out onto the bay I followed suit. Except he wasn't there. Back tracking, he was just coming out of the north side of the harbour.

He was still fighting his rigging so I pulled up into the weeds to sit and talk while he sorted things out. He got it going and as he was going out for a few days, after sailing a couple of miles together, saying good bye, I turned around and went back in.

Nice place, this coastal Texas. Cold in winter, hot in summer, mosquitoes, snakes, alligators, jelly fish, rays that'll send ya to the hospital. You probably wouldn't like it here.

Inauguration Day Sail

Hold on, hold your horses, this ain't what you think. There may be a similarity

or two, although only by coincidence. I just happen to go for a day sail on the same day as this country received a new POTUS and his sidekick. The other coincidence, in line with a new administration, my *Red Top* got a new sail. I feel as if I got a new boat.

This new sail is really a used one, mail order from Minnie's Marine over in California. I've done it three times now, buying from them sight unseen. I've never been disappointed. The sail I most recently purchased from them for the Lehman 12', that'd be *Red Top*, was made for the little craft designed by Barney Lehman himself. Not this same sail, but the design.

It got cold here a few weeks back, relatively speaking, too cold for epoxy. Having the sail, one thing led to another and work started on the changeover from lug to cat sloop (I hope I got that right). I had been using the sail on the O'Day Javelin along with an O'Day Widgeon's jib sail. This mix and match finally happened when I purchased a boom and mast from a Lone Star 16 that a fellow in the area was getting rid of because of moving.

I'd never had a mast for the Lehman so when the LS16 showed up I could use its boom, needed for the Lehman, and the old mast from the Javelin, where the LS16's mast went. Then chainplate time, standing rigging, a bit of running rigging from an old Silhouette that passed on through, new holes to be drilled into *Red Top*. And all that standing rigging I've grown to dislike, telling myself in getting over that hump it's only a 12' boat, for crying out loud.

So on Inauguration Day *Red Top* took me for a spin upon the waters of Aransas Bay. Dressed in her new rags. Rags? Well, it's a Mylar racing sail, clear, even got the Lehman 12 insignia up top. I added two sets of reefs, hand sewn using mule tape, if any of you are familiar with it. Used for pulling electrical wire on long reaches through conduit (one of its uses). I had a bunch leftover from a job, had been using it in the making of my lug sails, seemed a normal thing for me. Yeah, it may look a bit odd, its history goes back to an earlier day when making surfboards. My first surfboards, they all had the 20 or even 30 foot look. Don't get too close, they look just fine. They rode fine as well.

My boats and sails take that same approach. If I was to be offered a sail along on some of the craft like I've seen at the boat shows, owner made, I'd decline as politely as I could. I'd never want to be known as the stupid oaf who scratched the...

The sky threatened rain for the three hours I was out. Even got misty for 15 minutes or so. It was a bit cool. Many porpoise out and about. A couple of women kayakers fishing, dressed nice and warm, not catching anything.

The sail, I glad to say, is a keeper. At first, while at the dock, the taller mast seemed to make the boat a bit more tender. I left the dock with the first reef in, training wheels kinda. Later out on the bay I shook it out. Today I'm putting in better chain plates. Tomorrow, the world, eh?

Another Day

Another day, no sail. It's just as well, these no wind days are useful for getting other things done. I gave Oger the *Ned* this morning. Actually gave it to him last week, today was the pick up day. First was breakfast at a local Mexican place, good food. The *Ned* first left and went to Oklahoma City a few years back. I drove up there with the intent of buying it back and the kind gentleman gifted me the boat back. The *Ned* is an Nesting Expedition Dinghy I had built a few years ago, 10'6".



Seeing how it was just sitting in my yard, it was proper to gift it to another. Oger has plans I won't speak of. I'll let him tell his own story. He and I have been trading small boats back and forth for three or four years now. We laugh together about it. He at 79, me almost 73, feels like high school again without the inferiority complex so often found in youth. It's been probably five years now I've last felt that way. Ha!

After Migas and his peppers and eggs, "Hot," he said, we got down to the business of loading *Ned* into his van. With the chine runners I added, another 1/2" and it would have been trailer time. It fit snug. After huffing and puffing I went with him to help unload, drove behind him over to Portland, this side of Corpus Christie. After show and tell in his garage I bid my farewell and thought to get a nap in.

Nah! I headed to the lumberyard to pick up a few pieces of hardware and get the chain plate on *Red Top's* bow. It was a bit tricky, taping the carriage bolt on a short metal rod (the bow is decked over) and reaching and pushing the bolt in from the inside, nuts now on the outside. Backwards, I know, it'll be fine. I'm adding better chain plates for the shrouds in the morning in hopes of sailing in the afternoon.

So another small boat is gone, gone with no plans at the moment for another. I told that to a friend a few years ago, all I got was a "Yeah, yeah, yeah!"

New York, New York

Coast Guard Sector Long Island Sound personnel received a report from the Riverhead Police Department that a kayaker departed Jamesport, New York, in a blue kayak and did not return. Coast Guard Station Shinnecock boatcrews and a Coast Guard Air Station Cape Cod helicopter crew searched the area, along with Suffolk County Police, Southold Police and other local partner agencies. A Southold Police Department marine unit located the kayaker's body one mile west of Shinnecock Canal, New York. He was taken to the Suffolk County Medical Examiner's Office in Hauppauge, New York. Detectives are investigating the incident.

Honolulu, Hawaii

The Coast Guard, Honolulu County Fire Department and Daniel K. Inouye International Airport Rescue searched for a 51-year-old free diver off the Reef Runway in Ke'ehi Lagoon. The male diver was last seen wearing dive gear. Sector Honolulu watchstanders had received a report from the diver's friend stating he was missing. The friend said they were both diving in the area together and had separated. When his friend failed to return he called emergency services.

Sector Honolulu watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast notice to mariners and deployed an Air Station Barbers Point MH-65 Dolphin helicopter and a Station Honolulu 29' Response Boat-Small crews to conduct searches of the area.

Honolulu County Fire Department and Airport Rescue also deployed units in response. The weather on scene was winds of 5mph and seas up to a foot.

Portsmouth, Virginia

The Coast Guard suspended their search for a man who entered the water after his tractor trailer crashed off the side of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel. The Coast Guard and local authorities began searching for the driver after watchstanders in the Coast Guard Sector Virginia Command Center received a relayed 911 notification regarding a tractor trailer that crashed through the southbound side of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel. Coast Guard crews searched approximately 178 square miles with multiple crews and assets from Coast Guard Station Cape Charles, the Coast Guard Cutter *Hawk* and Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Boat and shore crews from the Maritime Incident Response Team, Virginia Marine Resources Commission, Virginia Beach Fire Department and Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel Police also participated in the search.

Wilmington, North Carolina

The Coast Guard suspended the search for a man who left Manns Harbor on a kayak fishing trip. An overturned kayak of the same make, model and color as his was found in the vicinity of Roanoke Island and confirmed as his by a member of his family. The Coast Guard, along with local agencies, began searching for the mariner after watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector North Carolina Command Center received a notification from Dare County emergency dispatcher after the missing man's wife made a 911 report. Coast Guard crews searched approximately 425 square miles with multiple assets from Air Station Elizabeth City and Station Oregon Inlet. Crews from North Carolina Wild-



Our Coast Guard in Action

Can't Win Them All

While our monthly excerpts from the official ISCG reports focus on how they serve us well, reality is that they cannot win them all, so this month we bring you a roundup of those incidents where they were unable to rescue the unfortunate mariners despite considerable efforts. These examples emphasize the USCG admonitions to all of us to take responsibility for our own safety afloat.

life Resources Commission, North Carolina Division of Marine Fisheries and the Manns Harbor Volunteer Fire Department also participated in the search.

Miami, Florida

The Coast Guard suspended its search for an overdue vessel between the Bahamas and south Florida. Coast Guard District Seven watchstanders received a report that a blue and white 29' Mako Cuddy Cabin vessel, last known to be departing Bimini, Bahamas, did not arrive as expected. The vessel and people were reported to be en route to Lake Worth, Florida.

The Coast Guard and partner agencies searched approximately 17,000 square miles, roughly double the size of Massachusetts, for about 84 hours. Involved in the search were Coast Guard Air Station Clearwater C-130 Hercules aircrew, Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew, Coast Guard Cutter *Margaret Norvel* crew, Coast Guard Cutter *Robert Yered*, Royal Bahamas Defence Force surface units, Bahamas Air Sea Rescue Association air assets, Patrick Air Force Base air asset.

New Orleans, Louisiana

The Coast Guard and partner agencies searched for a possible person in the water near Naval Support Activity Panama City, Florida. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Mobile received a report from Naval Support Activity Panama City security of a 14' Gheenoe that washed up on the beach at the entrance of the base near Alligator Bayou. The Sector Mobile issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast and directed the launch of search and rescue assets. Involved in the search were Coast Guard Station Panama City 29' Response Boat-Small crew, Coast Guard Aviation Training Center Mobile HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane crew, Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation.

Honolulu, Hawaii

The Coast Guard suspended the active search for the missing mariner who fell overboard approximately 150 miles southeast of Big Island on Friday evening. The mariner, a Republic of Kiribati native, remains missing. Sector Honolulu watchstanders received a phone call from the master of the commercial fishing vessel *Sea Goddess* reporting that one of his crewmembers was missing. Sector Honolulu watchstanders immediately issued an urgent marine information broadcast and launched rescue crews including partner agency assets. The weather on scene at the time of the search was winds of 5mph and seas up to 6'.

Rescue crews conducted a total of 23 searches over the course of 45 hours, covering over 8,693 square miles. Involved in the search were an Air Station Barbers Point C-130 Hercules aircrew, the crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Gerczak* (WPC 1126), Navy Boeing P-8 Poseidon aircrew, two Marine Medium Tiltrotor Squadron 268 (MV-22B) aircrews, a Marine KC-130 aircrew, the vessel *Kamokuiki* and the crew of the *Sea Goddess*.

Honolulu, Hawaii

The Coast Guard has suspended the active search Wednesday for the ten crewmembers of the Taiwan fishing vessel *Yong-Yu-Sing No. 18*, who went missing approximately 550 miles northeast of Midway Island. Coast Guard and Navy aircrews along with maritime surface partners put forth great effort searching in extremely challenging weather but unfortunately there has been no sign of the missing mariners.

Rescue crews from the Coast Guard, Navy and good Samaritans aboard four fishing vessels and five Automated Mutual-Assistance Vessel Rescue System (AMVER) vessels conducted a total of 34 searches over the course of 80 hours, covering over 44,000 square miles. The partners had been searching for the *Yong-Yu-Sing No. 18* crew since December 31 after Rescue Coordination Center Taipei lost contact with the vessel. An Air Station Barbers Point HC-130 aircrew located the adrift *Yong-Yu-Sing No. 18* January 1 with a missing life raft and no sign of the ten crewmembers. Both Air Station Barbers Point and Navy aircrews performed daily air sorties of the area while the merchant and fishing vessel crews conducted surface searches.

The reported weather on scene throughout the search had been winds regularly greater than 20mph and seas of 11' to 25' and was forecasted to rapidly deteriorate. Despite the high winds and seas, crewmembers aboard the Taiwan fishing vessel *Lian-Hong No. 67* and the AMVER vessel *M/V Horizon Spirit* were able to circle within 200' of the vessel. The rescue crews reported no signs of the missing mariners and placed an automatic tracking system beacon which allowed watchstanders to continuously track the vessel during the search. Involved in the search were Coast Guard Air Station Barbers Point C-130 Hercules aircrews, a Coast Guard Air Station Kodiak C-130J Hercules aircrew, four Taiwan fishing vessels, Navy P-8 Poseidon aircrews, the crew of the AMVER vessel *M/V Oocl Tokyo*, the crew of the AMVER vessel *M/V Nikon Future*, the crew of the AMVER vessel *M/V Horizon Spirit*, the crew of the AMVER vessel *M/V Zim New York* and the crew of the AMVER vessel *M/V Maunalei*.

Our First Virtual Boat Show

Boat shows are our favorite way to connect with new customers and catboat lovers alike. Due to Covid 19, last year was not safe for us to meet in person so we gathered online. We toured the boat yard's various shops and covered topics including wooden boat building and restoration, Arey's Pond 14' and 16' catboats, electric inboard engines, brokerage and catboat sailing tips. The week long online event was very successful and concluded with a Zoom Cocktail Hour where catboat owners, potential owners and onlookers chatted with Tony Davis.



In the Virtual Boat Show video on 14' Arey's Pond catboats, boat yard owner Tony Davis stands in *Bay Rose*, a 14' wooden catboat.



APBY News

First and foremost, all of us at Arey's Pond want to thank our customers for taking the threat of Covid 19 and our safety protocols seriously. At the start of the season we were concerned that many of our customers would not be launching, but the opposite happened. We had a full mooring field and a busy summer. We are so thankful that we were able to keep the boat yard operating and the entire staff employed.

A Socially Distanced Cat Gathering

Despite the cancellation of sailing events all over the world, we were able to host our annual Cat Gathering with some adjustments for safety. By its very nature our event allows for participants to stay isolated in their own boats. Our skippers' meeting and post race awards ceremony were held virtually on Zoom and the reception party was postponed until our event in 2021. We could not have had a successful Cat Gathering this year without the support of all of the participants, thank you! This year, proceeds from the registration fees benefited Friends of Pleasant Bay and the Ipson Island Trust.

We exceeded participation expectations with 84 boats registered and 60 crossing the start line. But this year did not come without difficulties. There was some confusion at the start line because Tony did not have his usual team of experienced helpers, instead he had all family members aboard the committee boat. They were a huge help as it all unwound with a storm on the horizon. The start was delayed by an hour as the wind built and finally, after three years of light or no wind, we had a steady breeze.

The fleet had a great sail through the Narrows but once they passed through the skies began to darken. A major thunderstorm threat caused the race to be called and sent the fleet into a frenzy to get off the water. Because of the concern for the entire fleet, the committee did its best to take results based on position at the time the race was called. No cannons or horns were used so sailors could focus on safety. All in all it was a great time, the severe storm never materialized over Pleasant Bay and we had no issues getting everyone back to safe harbor. Mark your calendars for this year's Cat Gathering, August 21, 2021.



The 28th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering on Little Pleasant Bay. (Photo by Nancy Bloom)

Sailing and Boating in a Pandemic

This summer was one of the best ever for sailing on Cape Cod. Arey's Pond held our longstanding tradition of Wednesday Night Sails where catboats from all over Pleasant Bay sailed together on Wednesday evenings. This summer the Wednesday Night Sails were extra special because they were a safe way for us to see each other from afar and gather in a shared experience. For the first time since the tradition started six years ago, there wasn't a



Catboats sail back to Arey's Pond at the end of a Wednesday Night Sail this summer.

single Wednesday all summer that didn't have good wind and weather. Thanks to everyone who joined the fun.

Sunday racing with the Namequoit Sailing Association was a great time. This summer was especially successful for our new version of the APBY 14, built as a wooden one off. Paul Desrosiers won the summer series in this new design, even with a handicap.

The Next Generation of Arey's Pond Catboats

In 1973 previous boatyard manager Merve Hammett built the first fiberglass Arey's Pond catboat. He used an Edson Schock designed catboat named *Hortense*, but instead of using a Marconi rig as Schock had done, he designed a roomy cockpit and gaff rig. A second redesign in 1984 included further changes.

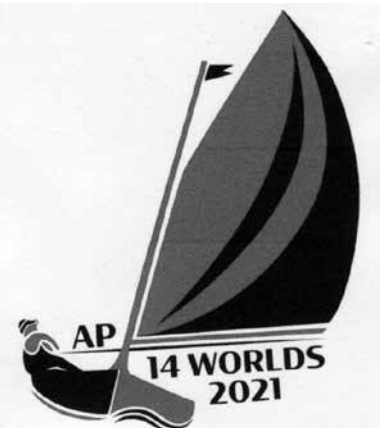
In 1991 current owner Tony Davis purchased Arey's Pond Boat Yard and in 1996 he redesigned the 14' cat once again. The goal was to give the boat a faster look and feel, especially in light air. Flash forward to 2019. An owner of a 14' catboat who was enjoying the weekend racing on Pleasant Bay approached Tony and asked for the fastest 14' catboat ever built.

Bill Nash and Tony Davis, the design team at Arey's Pond, answered the challenge. Their changes to the design include a flatter entry, less forward hollow, a fully battened sail, redesigned rudder, two part carbon fiber mast and much more. Leslie Gouveia and her boat building team at Arey's Pond built the prototype model out of wood composite. She raced this summer and has been recorded at 13 knots in 18 knot wind. While we're not ready to call her the fastest 14' cat on the water, she has yet to meet her match. The newest model will debut at boat shows in 2021, with hope that it will be the next generation of our fiberglass 14' catboat. Please visit our website for more photos and information.



The wooden 2021 14' racing catboat (left) and a 2019 fiberglass 14' racing catboat sail by Sampson Island on LittlePleasant Bay.

AP 14 Worlds – Register Now!



We are excited to present the First Annual Arey's Pond 14 Worlds Regatta. This regatta will bring together owners and racers of 14' Arey's Pond Catboats from around the globe. This event will take place on Friday, August 20, 2021 (Sunday, August 22 is the rain date). Our annual Cat Gathering is the next day (August 21) and we encourage all participants to sail in both events. The regatta will be the best of three US Sailing sanctioned races using a windward leeward course. Two races will take place in Little Pleasant Bay, and one will take place in Big Pleasant Bay.

Our goal with this event is to work towards making the Arey's Pond 14' Catboat a US Sailing recognized one design class. We need a minimum fleet of nine boats (only APBY 14s from any year) to hold the event. The sooner we hear from you, the better! Thank you to the sailors who have already registered. You'll hear more from us.

Boat Building Update

Our boat building shop has had a busy season, even with the limitations that come with working in a pandemic. This year our boat building team has consisted of Leslie Gouveia, Dustin Page and Bill Nash. With some help from Tony they built and delivered an Open 16' Lynx to Lake George, New York. In early spring they designed and built *Wolfi*, our new APBY workboat, and built an Open 16' Lynx bound for Martha's Vineyard. We also delivered two club model 14' catboats that spent the summer in Maine with the Northeast Harbor Fleet. This was a great opportunity that was made possible by the head of the MIT sailing and racing program. You may have seen the six Open 16' Lynx catboats that the MIT program keeps on the Charles River in Boston, Massachusetts.

Our boat building team also did some major restoration work to Arey's Pond 14s and 16s that are now getting along in age and in need of some care. The original Lynxes are now approaching 25 years old and some of the 14s date back to 1973.

We are very grateful to report that we are booked up with new builds and restoration work into 2022. In 2021 we will build two Cabin 16' Lynxes, three 14' Cats, a custom wooden racing 22' catboat (see photo). For 2022 delivery we have two Caracal 19s in wood with electric inboard engines and an open cockpit 16' Lynx already scheduled. We are very excited about more orders coming in and hiring help once the pandemic is under control and we can have employees working in the shops together.



Our boat building shop finishes planking the port side of the 22' racing catboat we're building this winter. It is a new design that will debut this season.

Wolfi, the New Work Boat

Wolfi is named in memory of a very special boatyard dog. Our waterfront service team has been in need of a new workboat for hauling mooring and delivering and pick-



The lineup of APBY service boats at left. At right Geoff Cabral finishes installing the mooring hauling arm on *Wolfi*.



Captain Karl (bottom right) tapes off the brightwork on a Herreshoff 12 1/2 in the Arey's Pond finish shop.

ing up boats across the bay. After considering options, we decided to design and build our own to replace our old Carolina Skiff. The new 19' AP Workboat, designed by Tony Davis and Bill Nash, is based on the popular Garvey style hull. It was built by our boat building team using marine plywood and 10oz. bi axel fiberglass cloth at the chines and floor timbers. It was set up using vinyl ester resin. It will make a great workboat for our team but would also work well as a family fishing boat. It has a 90hp Tohatsu outboard motor that sits in a well. It is easy to maneuver in shallow water and can handle a following sea. Keep an eye out for *Wolfi* on Pleasant Bay with catboats in tow!



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Grey Fleet

2020 was a grueling year for the Navy not only because of the covid but due to the revolving door of Secretaries of Navy under President Trump. Seven different bottoms sat in that chair and seven different perspectives and plans drooled from that office. The Navy has never had this level of leadership failure.

The thorny issues facing the Navy were the constant opinion variances flowing from each new SecNav easily documented by the ever changing plans for future aircraft carriers. Some Secretaries favored more *USS Gerald Ford* Class carriers while others sought a new class of ship. Committees were formed only to be disbanded under the next flavor of the month. Plans were developed, tossed in the trash and resurrected every six months.

The internecine war within the Navy dates to John Adams' tenure as Chairman of the Marine Committee 1775-1779. Since World War II the aviation wing has dominated the hierarchy, especially as Chief of Naval Operations. Surface sailors and submariners are seen as mere support crew. Nevertheless the 2021 Navy faces significant push for the other branches within it.

The Boomer brigade (the admirals who are preparing for World War III) want additional strategic submarines including the new *Columbia* Class ballistic nuclear missile totting monsters. Being built at General Dynamics Electric Boat in Connecticut, the \$10 billion boat has been top priority for the leather hidden greybeards. They managed to maneuver around the Hunter-Killer gang in order to shove SSN building onto the back burner. The *USS Iowa* SSN-797 building had, at one time, been completely stopped in order to work on the SSBN *Columbia*.

Since the heavily damaging attack on the *USS Cole* DDG-67, the Men in Blue have debated the use of, or need for, smaller ships like the frigate. For some, the *Cole* attack showed that a small weapon could put a destroyer out of operation. An even smaller ship like a frigate would be easily sunk or completely disabled. The frigate proponents note that a frigate costs much less to build, can do a plethora of functions and the US can build several for the cost of a destroyer. Both sides have strong arguments in their favor.

The Trump administration came down on the side of the promoters. Fincantieri, the builder of many great cruise liners, won the bid for a *Constellation* Class frigate to be built at Marinette Marine in Wisconsin. As evidence of the chronic changing in the Secretary of Navy's office, even the name of this frigate was changed a few times.

Some used the internal chaos to advance their own wants and desires with hopes that maybe one of their ideas will quietly slip through the department. The very obvious need in the naval logistics systems suggest that a new Next Generation Logistics Ship (NGLS) is in order. As many remember, Desert Storm under George H.W. Bush found the military unable to carry supplies to the front. Via special order of the President, the Jones Act was suspended and most of the ammunition, weapons, food, etc was carried on leased ships or on commercial planes. General Eisenhower once answered a question about the key to winning World War II in Europe in three simple words, "Logistics, logistics, logistics."

Meanwhile, the Marine Corps continues to demand greater abilities to carry out amphibious warfare noting the need for the



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

Navy to be able to deliver men and supplies in operations. On their Wish List is a Light Amphibious Warship (LAW) that sketches remind one of barges with a bridge up front and a drop door in the rear for exiting the vessel. This, they feel, is necessary for operations in contested areas.

Those of you who have read my scribbles over the years are well aware of my constant and chronic belittling of the Navy's LCS ships that could hardly get untied from the pier before completely coming apart. Politics intervened in the development LCS's and we ended up with two versions, *Independence* Class and *Freedom* Class, two totally different looking ships.

The Navy finally got all the highly technical systems to function correctly and the result, at least for the *Independence* Class, is amazing. For example, the *USS Gabrielle Giffords* LCS-10, a trimaran looking like a Klingon Bird of Prey, is a home base for a plethora of unmanned vehicles and helicopters from an aft flight deck. It is the propulsion that sets a mariner's heart aflutter. She is powered by four steerable Wartsila water jets at the stern and a powerful retractable azimuthal thruster at the bow. She can virtually spin around like a top and her lateral movement makes docking easy enough for even a klutzy petty officer. She can "walk sideways faster than any other ship."

Because she has three hulls, her stability is exceptional and her turns are flat thanks to the amas. She has a voice data recorder that replaces the ship log. Of course, she has bundles of cameras so the OOD can keep an eye on virtually every space on the deck and handheld radios have replaced the sound powered telephones that have been a stable instrument since Noah.

The ship must moor to the starboard side because that is where the door is! Duh. She is an odd looking creature because she is built for stealth. Her engines are very quiet and her cavitation is absent because she has no propellers. Everything is touchscreen and joysticks. A truly amazing ship. Eating my condescending words is tough.

Alisions, Collisions and Sinkings

An unknown Japanese fishing vessel collided with a cargo ship *Hayato* off Kashima, Japan. All the crew were rescued, however, one eventually died.

TV's Deadliest Catch shows some of the hardships fishing boats endure. The *Emmy Rose*, running out of Provincetown, Massachusetts, evidently sank taking all her crew.

The UK's *Baffin Bay* caught fire, burned and sank at the pier at Vigo, Spain.

A Viet Nameese cargo ship, *Huihoang 18*, ran into a reef or perhaps a small islet and immediately sank. Fortunately, the ship's nine crew and two passengers were rescued unharmed in mid December.

China's containership, *Xin Qi Sheng 69*, collided with another containership, *Oceania*, on the Yangtze River estuary. Eight crew were rescued, three died and five were missing. It was December 13, certainly an unlucky day for the Chinese vessel.

Jin Hang Yu 10, another Chinese cargo ship, ran aground and sank in the Yellow Sea. All her crew were saved.

Dinghaiji 7 ended 2020 when she sprang a leak and sank off Shanghai. Seven were missing, four rescued and two were dead. 2020 was not a good year to be a sailor on Chinese cargo ships.

The crew of the *Wakashio 10*, a 20,000-ton bulk carrier, wanted to celebrate someone's birthday and wanted to get on the internet, unfortunately, they were unable to get a decent signal so they moved the vessel around trying to improve reception. The partygoers did find shallow water, went aground and promptly sank, leaving 1,000 tons of oil to pollute 32 miles of Mauritius coast.

Inland Waterways

The Jones Act has been around for over a century but it remains both controversial and complicated. The late Senator John McCain (R-AZ) fought diligently against the law noting its restrictions were penalizing commerce at port cities and was virtually impossible to carry out. The Jones Act, if you recall, states that intranational trade between ports is restricted to US built, US owned and US crewed ships. The Act also regulates sailor safety, retirement and conditions at sea.

This particular piece of legislation is constantly in the courts for various reasons, in no small part because of the breadth of particulars. *Sanchez v Smart Fabrications of Texas* was reversed by the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. Mr Sanchez maintains that he was injured when he tripped over pipes on a "jacked up offshore drilling rig" and the owners are liable for his medical care under the Jones Act. SmartFab's argument was that an oil rig is not a ship and Mr Sanchez is not a seaman under these mandates.

The District Court agreed with the employers and dismissed the case declaring that Sanchez did not meet the dual "test" of determining who was a "seaman," a) that he was not working with a "substantial connection in nature and duration to the vessel," (that means that an oil rig is not a vessel), b) that he did not go to sea and was "not exposed to the perils of the sea."

The Circuit Court disagreed. They have decided that the full court reexamine the case in light of the understood definitions. They will meet "en banc" and requested amicus curiae (friends of the court). For the non lawyers reading this, the Court will sit with the entire group of judges and reach a conclusion that removes or resolves ambiguities of the Jones Act. They have also sought for input from legal and seafaring experts. This looks like an interesting case.

The NTSB released a report about a 2020 New Year's Day allision when the *William C* could not correct a transit under a previous bridge and smacked a Rock Island Railroad bridge causing about \$500,000 damage to the bridge, losing two barges and breaking several tow lines. The bridge had to be closed for ten days.

The owners of the towboat maintained that high water levels created substantial currents making it impossible to avoid an allision. The Board agreed. The bridge itself sits

at a 45° angle diagonally crossing the river. Maneuvering under the bridge is difficult in normal situations and it had concrete bumpers to assist in bridge maintenance.

For this writer, the incident resembles the problems with the Lansing, Iowa, Blackhawk Bridge across a very sharp turn in the Mississippi. The bridge has been struck on a regular basis and the Corps of Engineers have placed concrete pillars to act as bumpers. The Corps would like to move the location of the crossing farther downstream but the Iowa Legislature doesn't want to fork over its share of the costs. Locals want to keep the picturesque bridge at the same spot since it sits particularly well beneath Mount Hosmer and is often photographed by sundry magazines. The city believes that changing the bridge would hamper tourism.

Did you know that you can buy a "truck-able" tug? Yup, Gulf Coast Specialty Energy Services (GCSES) builds a lovely 600hp twin screw tug that has sleeping quarters. It has a draft of 4'. Somehow, I don't think that you can just put a tug on the bed of a Ford 150 pickup. OK, a semitrailer with extra wide markings, maybe.

We recently passed the anniversary of the *Edmund Fitzgerald's* sinking. While it is a well known legend made famous by Gordon Lightfoot's song, the story warrants review. The ore carrier, sailing on Lake Superior, was a monster, the biggest ship of its kind and the fastest at 16mph. The 7,200-ton ship carried 25,000 tons of ore when it encountered 35' waves in winds of hurricane force. She, evidently, sank virtually instantly. Subsequent evidence suggests that she lost a forward hold cover and when it was hit by a wave, she plunged nose first straight toward the bottom of the lake killing all 29 sailors.

The *Edmund Fitzgerald* was built as an investment by Northwest Mutual Life Insurance company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and consequently named after its president. Northwest Mutual leased the vessel to Columbia Transportation, a subsidiary of Oglebay Norton Co. Mr Fitzgerald was a munificent man who donated significant sums to the two hospitals in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in no small part because a Cedar Rapidsian was a ranking official within the company and a C.R. man served on the Board of Directors.

Small Boats

Many *MAIB* readers own at least one, if not more, small sailboats of sundry sizes. Some prefer wooden boats while many of us stick with the easier to care for fiberglass hulls. When I first dreamed of a small boat I looked over several makes and models until I decided that the Boatex 12 was about the size and cost I was willing to invest to learn the art of sailing. It was the perfect dinghy for beginners except it was built in Canada and I was ordering it shortly after 911 when all foreign countries were seen as potential terrorist sites. It took many, many weeks to get the boat across the border. I loved her.

Regrettably, Boatex Inc died a quiet death, as do many boat companies. Worse, the boating fever infested our house and I bought a kayak, a canoe and a Boston Whaler. The canoe was sold without my consent or knowledge, so I bought a West Wight Potter 15 (sight unseen) on eBay. Miss Frozen Finland herself demanded that the Whaler must go, too. Dang it.

There are so many sailboats around the 15' size so I looked into them and did some

comparisons. I looked at the Hunter 15, the Sage 17, the Potter 15, the Montgomery 15 and the ComPac 15. Here is the data*:

	Hunter	Sage	Potter	Montgomery	Compac
LOA	14.5'	15.2'	15'	15'	16'
LWL	14'	14'6"	11'8"	13'3"	14'
BEAM	6'6"	6'	5'6"	6'2"	6'
DRAFT	3'6"	3'3"	2'	1'	1'6"
DISP	340lb	800lbs	475lbs	340lbs	1100lbs
SAIL	92.3sf	128sf	91sf	122sf	115sf

*SailboatData.com



Hunter



Sage



Potter

Montgomery



Compac

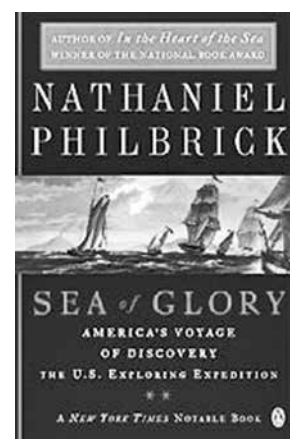
This data alone seems to indicate that the Potter 15 is probably the slowest of the group because of the smaller sail area and smaller LOA. The beam of the Hunter makes it comfortable by an inch over the Sage. The bottom line is that if asked the owners would all swear by their own boats. Reader input would be accepted.

Other Stuff

I highly recommend the book *Sea Of Glory* by Nathaniel Philbrick. The America of 1838 had little understanding of the North American Continent, especially the West Coast, nor did it have any perception of Antarctica so Charles Wilkes, appointed by President Martin Van Buren, was selected to take a small fleet of sundry sized ships on a two year expedition to map American coastlines and explore the South Polar regions. Wilkes's nomination was highly irregular and equally maddening for higher ranking officers than this mere Lieutenant and the criticism flowed unabashedly within Navy circles.

His crew consisted of botanists, biologists, artists and sailors of various skill sets. No less than Titian Peale (artist), Charles Pickering (physical anthropology and botany), Joseph Couthouy (conchologist) and William Brackenridge (horticulturist) volunteered for the United States Exploratory Expedition (Ex Ex). The Ex Ex proved to bring back one of the most scientific collections of data in human history despite Wilkes short temper, arrogance and questionable seafaring skills.

This book is worthy of reading (as is all of Philbrick's works). While almost 20 years old, you can find it easily on Amazon or in used book stores.



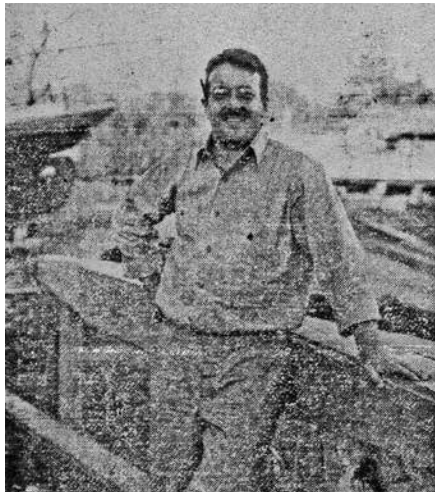
Essex Yard Ships Mold and Parts For 40' Ketch to Bermuda

From *Maine Coast Fisherman*, October 1951

Ships have been built at Essex, Massachusetts, since 1680. Into the winding river at Essex, the shipbuilders have launched brigs and schooners, brigantines, ships, warships, trading vessels and trawlers. Many folks have wondered how the Essex men ever floated big three masters down their serpentine river to the sea, but they've done it frequently.

Last of the big commercial schooners were launched at Essex during and shortly after World War I. A brigantine was built there for South Seas trading during the 1930s, and after World War II there was a flurry of dragger construction, but shipbuilding petered out and for more than a year yards have been idle. But now Dana Story, whose yard dates back to 1680, has an idea which he believes might help to revive building activities at Essex. He has finished laying out and cutting timbers for a 40' ketch for Mr A.J. Frith of Hamilton, Bermuda. The boat has been lofted and the templates made at the Story yard. He is shipping the molds with all lines marked so that Mr Frith can do an accurate job of assembly.

The boat is prepared almost complete with keel, frames, planking, decking, headers and stringers, everything from stem to transom. Dana figures that since labor costs are the biggest deterrent to boat building today, a considerable market might be developed furnishing boats for assembly in this fashion. He emphasizes that this ketch, and other orders he might get are not pre assembled, for assembly for then knock down would add several hundred dollars more to the cost.



Dana Story, owner of Story's yard in Essex, Massachusetts, stands beside the keel of the ketch he is shipping to Bermuda. Story figures that high labor costs are the biggest deterrent to yacht building today and that a good market might be developed for this type of boat package.



Frame Up Essex Shipbuilding Images from the Past

By Christopher Stepler
Operations Administrator
Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding
Museum (978) 768-t7541

The Lyman James Boat Shop, *Lois T.* and an Unidentified Vessel

In past newsletters we have mentioned Lyman James' boat shop which was situated on the marsh above the causeway bridge. This photo of the shop was taken in December 1944 and we can just see the transoms of two motorboats hauled for the season through the open bays of the boat shed. The shop was set right out on the edge of the marsh, making it ideal for launching and hauling small boats, although that also meant that it could be more in the river than not on very high tides.



Inside the James boat shop we can see that the floor is bare marsh, interrupted only by the railways and cradles. Because the marsh tends to hold onto water, it's the perfect environment to keep boats from drying out much over the winter.



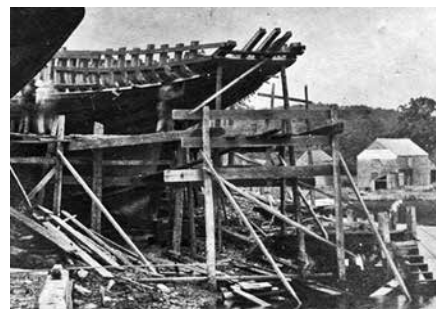
The 63' long combination dragger and gillnetter *Lois T.* was designed to hold 80,000lbs of fish, working with a crew of six plus captain and engineer. Built by John Prince Story in the Burnham yard for Capt Peter Tysver of Gloucester, the vessel was launched on November 14, 1942. The timber in the foreground is the keel of Story's next dragger, the *G.N. Soffron*.

This photograph was taken on December 27, 1939, according to the note on the back of the print. The vessel is as of yet unidentified, but if the date on the photo is correct then this is likely James' first vessel, the dragger *Gov. Saltonstall*, which would be launched on April 20, 1940.

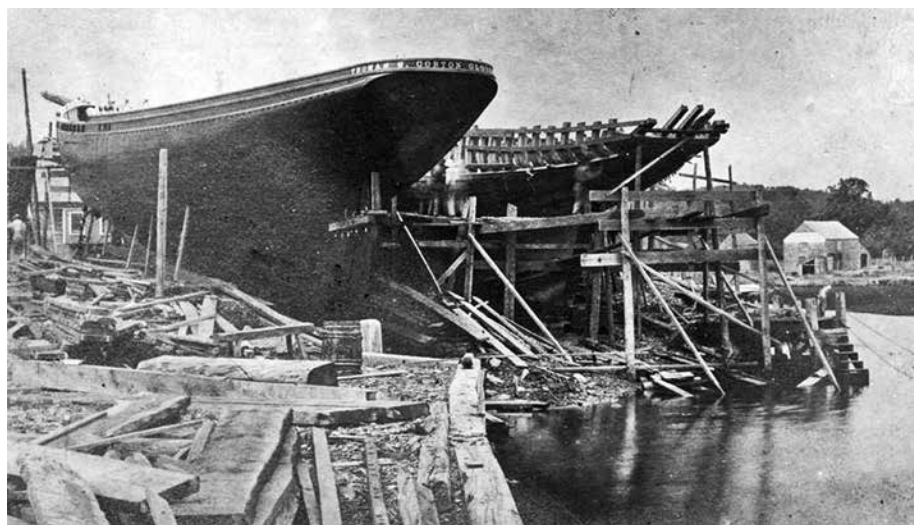
Although *Gov. Saltonstall* was intended to be a dragger from the outset, it "had the hull of a schooner with a round stem and transom stern" according to Dana Story. This vessel certainly matches this description, although we will need to do further research before we can confirm our identification.

Thomas S. Gorton and Manual F. Roderick

The schooner *Thomas S. Gorton* was launched from the James & Tarr shipyard on August 14, 1905. Designed by Thomas F. McManus, the schooner was just over 106' long with a 25' beam. The molds, or patterns for the frames of the vessel, were used again the following year (with some modifications by Washington Tarr) to build *Esperanto*, which would go on to win the Dennis Cup in the first International Fishermans' Race of 1920.



Some of the James & Tarr crew can be seen at work on the neighboring vessel, the clamps fixed over the top of the plank tell us that it is being (or has just been) hung on the vessel. Also worth noting is the section of wharf visible at right, complete with a set of steps leading down into the river for easy boarding of skiffs and other small craft.

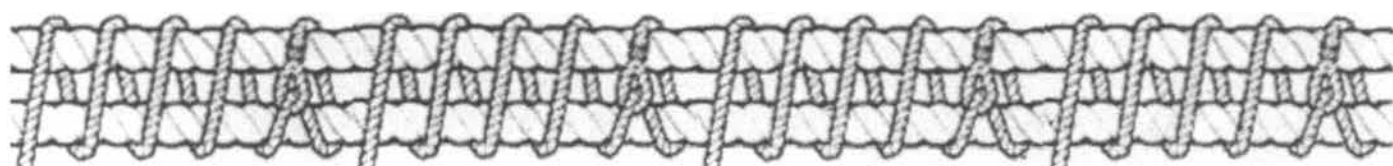


With the winter's snow melting around them, the James gang continues to make good progress on the *Manual F. Roderick*. In the foreground, the keel of the dragger *Ronald and Mary Jane* has been assembled and rolled upright on its blocks, ready for framing to begin.



The 87' dragger *Manual F. Roderick* was built at the Lyman James yard in the fall of 1940 and winter of 1941 for Manuel S. Avila of Gloucester. Lyman James chose to plank the vessel from the top down and the bottom up simultaneously, which enabled work on the deck to begin sooner and may have also made working inside the hull more comfortable. With its exposed position out on the causeway, the James Shipyard was a bitterly cold spot to work in the winter, given a choice, many preferred to work in the Story yard during the colder months to be better sheltered from the icy winds blowing across the marsh.

The *Manual F. Roderick* has an unusually sleek hull shape for a dragger built at this time. Of the vessel, Dana Story writes, "Photographs of the *Manual F. Roderick* lying in the river after launching show a vessel which, given a proper bowsprit, could well have been a typical schooner of 25 years earlier." *Manual F. Roderick* was launched on April 3, 1941.



Sideways Sculling

By Jon Aborn

The skiffs that I used growing up in Rhode Island always had an oarlock socket in the transom for sculling (propelling the boat with a single oar extended over the stern) and at an early age my father showed me how to sweep the oar from the transom in a figure eight pattern to propel the skiff forward. It was useful for short jaunts out to the sailboat on the mooring but for any long distances it was more efficient to row conventionally. Skip forward 60+ years and sculling is a lost art.

The other morning I'm coming into the dock beside the boat ramp at Monument Beach in my rowing wherry and I'm trying to get next to the dock with the wind not cooperating and pushing me away. I ship the dockside oar and scull myself sideways using the outboard oar still in its oarlock with that familiar figure eight pattern. Against the wind, into the dock, slick as can be. And as I throw a hitch around the cleat I glance around hoping somebody saw that brilliant piece of maneuvering!

Thanks, Dad, for taking the time so many years ago to show me stuff like that.

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Building a Ben Garvey Skiff

Topsfield Vocational Academy
@ Essex Shipbuilding Museum

By Chris Stepler

Last year Museum Shipwright Jeff Lane and students from the Topsfield Vocational Academy began construction on their third boat, a modified Ben Garvey skiff. As on prior builds, the students began by lofting the boat full size on the boat shed floor, but this time they also elected to work up a half hull model after an inspirational visit from Harold Burnham. Work progressed steadily with the crew building and setting up the molds, scarfing together sheets of plywood and mounting and trimming the side panels and bow and stern transoms. But with the onset of the Covid-19 pandemic in mid March, work on the boat was brought to an abrupt standstill.



TVA Instructor Mark Webster gets the crew started on lofting last year.

Last September, we worked with TVA teacher Mark Webster to create a plan for safely bringing students back to the shipyard and work has progressed steadily ever since. After getting their bearings back and giving the shop a good clean, the students prepped the bottom planks, fitting and then fixing them onto the molds one side at a time. After some sanding, shaping, filling and fairing, they reinforced the chines with fiberglass tape set in epoxy. Having built traditional lapstrake boats with us before, the students remain impressed with how quickly this plywood hull was coming together!



The TVA students did a lot of sanding and prep work on the Garvey, particularly at the stern. The four corners of the motor well have received reinforcing strips of fiberglass to strengthen the joints and seal the end grain of the plywood on the transom. With this important job done, there's only another week of sanding, filling and fairing in store for the crew before the hull is ready to be sheathed in fiberglass.

While it may not look like much has changed on the Garvey since our last update, the TVA Garvey crew has spent much time sanding, scraping and fairing the hull to prepare it for fiberglassing. It is a demanding and sometimes delicate job but the crew rose to the challenge and the hull is looking great! They have also begun thinking about how the boat will sit on the bottom at low tide and have decided to add two skegs to keep the boat on an even keel and protect the hull from rocks and gravel.



A big week for the TVA Garvey crew saw some final sanding and fairing until the hull was ready for a layer of fiberglass. With the wood stove and an auxiliary heater working to get the boatshed nice and warm for the epoxy, the crew laid fiberglass cloth over the boat and trimmed it to size. After donning gloves, the crew measured and mixed up a batch of epoxy and set to work. The cloth was laid from keel to rail on the port side of the boat and the crew worked diligently to saturate it with epoxy, eliminating any wrinkles or bubbles as they progressed. After laying down a sheet of peel ply over the fiberglass, more epoxy was mixed up and the process was repeated on the starboard side.



After fiberglassing the bottom of the hull the Garvey crew was eager to see how their work turned out. The results were good, save for an unusual surface texture on some sections of the boat. Our boat builder, Jeff Lane, thinks it may have been caused by the temperature change after the crew left for the day. Luckily the texture was easily sanded away and did not affect the fiberglass underneath. With the peel ply removed and the appropriate sections of the bottom sanded, the crew shaped, fitted and temporarily installed the twin skegs to the bottom of the boat.





25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

John Gardner 18 June 1905—18 October 1995

"Building and using small wooden boats is part of our heritage, something worth doing that our forebears did that we can still do, something to cherish and hold on to, something to enjoy while we still have it to enjoy. What will be left for the generations to come in the uncertain future that lies ahead? We can only hope that something will remain. But here and now, let there be no hesitation in making the most of the good that has been given us" (*John Gardner, May 1995; Sharon Brown Photograph*).

HONORING JOHN GARDNER

by Sharon Brown

In April 1969 John Gardner traveled from his home in Saugus, Massachusetts eager to begin working for the Maritime Historical Association. At the Mystic station he stepped off the train in full stride, mulling over ideas for bringing traditional small craft to the forefront of maritime history and was met by Don Robinson, Associate Director for Administration, who took him to Noank to share the family Easter dinner.

It was a warm beginning to John's productive 26 year association with Mystic Seaport Museum. He was in his 64th year, a master boatbuilder at Frederick J. Dion, Inc., Yacht Yard, Salem, Massachusetts, haunting the libraries of Boston and Cambridge on his days off, maintaining significant correspondence with contemporary intellectuals and keeping up a prolific publishing output in popular boating journals and esoteric sociopolitical periodicals. He was already

well respected in the museum world as an associate and volunteer of the Peabody Museum in Salem and as a consultant to the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake, New York when he got a call from Waldo Johnston, then Director of the M.H.A. They agreed to meet at the Parker House in Boston and John liked to tell in his wry manner how he was to "know Johnston by his necktie with whales on it." They talked all morning. According to John, Waldo got the idea that he might be available from Edmund E. Lynch who John had known in his work with the Adirondack Museum where Lynch was curator before assuming the position at the M.H.A.

John Gardner's appointment as Research Associate in the Curatorial Department was announced in the June 1969 *Log of Mystic Seaport* and also in the May 1969 issue of the *National Fisherman* where he had been Technical Editor since

1959 and writing about boats since 1951. By the time he submitted his resignation to J. Revell Carr on June 16, 1995, just shy of his 90th birthday, he had accomplished more than most people do in a lifetime. The blistering pace he established in his first year at Mystic Seaport laid the foundation necessary to achieve his vision of a small craft program which involved collection, preservation, restoration, construction, exhibition and finally, utilization.

He was given a room, Marion Dickerman's old office in Greenman House where he slept, and he scoured the grounds scrounging lumber and tools to set up "an interim boatshop" in what was then the Carriage Barn and began planning the design and construction of his first Mystic built boat, the *Lawton*. On June 6 he made a presentation to the Essex Yacht Club on ferrocement as a boatbuilding material, on July 18 he attended the 40th Annual Meeting of the M.H.A. and met with the guest speaker, Basil Greenhill, Director of England's Maritime Museum, on August 15 he presented a talk to the Noank Historical Society in which he outlined his functional approach to small craft study and his proposal for a Small Craft Laboratory and on the next day he was judging entries in the Antique Boat show at Clayton, N.Y. sponsored by the Thousand Islands Museum, in company with other judges including Howard Chapelle of the Smithsonian with whom he'd already forged a working relationship. On weekends he started traveling around New England buying up tools for the collection, scoping out lumber sources, and lining up white cedar knees for boats he was planning to build.

John Gardner published 34 articles in 1969, including three in the *Log of Mystic Seaport*. By the fall of 1970 he was a member of the Editorial Board and his total contribution of 33 articles, including 14 book reviews, written after careful deliberation and detailed scholarship in a clear, concise, informative manner are classic examples of good writing and stand the test of time.

Two items in the December 1969 *Log* reflect John's groundwork and portend exciting small craft developments for the spring of 1970 which would have far reaching implications in conveying the significant role of traditional small craft in the twentieth century maritime museum world. Curator Ed Lynch announced in passionate terms that in order to make Mystic's small craft collection more accessible to small boat builders John Gardner would direct a Small Craft Laboratory to serve as a clearinghouse for construction and design information. And the second item urged readers to watch for

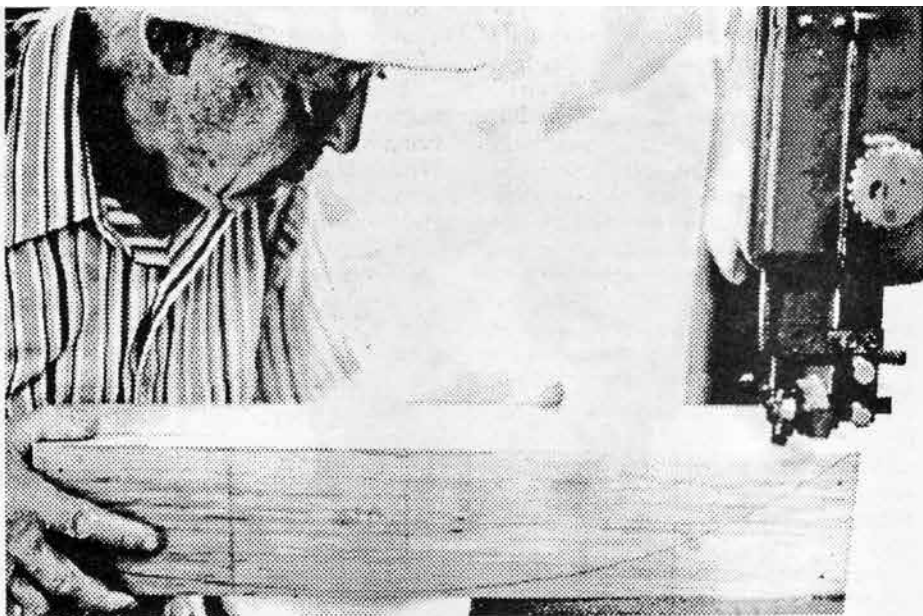
information about the M.H.A.'s plans to hold a rowing conference to reflect a revival of interest in rowing, rowboats and the important part they played in our maritime past. John took up the challenge that became the focus of the last third of his life.

Recognition of John Gardner's achievements and his value as friend and colleague were warmly acknowledged by those attending the Memorial Service in celebration of John's life held November 18, 1995 in the DuPont Preservation Shipyard at Mystic Seaport. Flanked by the 27-foot four-oared gig, *General Lafayette*, which John built in 1974-75 and Lois Darling's painting which forms the cover of John's book, *Classic Small Craft You Can Build*, Director J. Revell Carr gave the opening and closing remarks. Invited speakers who each paid unique personal tributes were Dick Wagner (Founding Director, Center For Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA), Michael K. Davis (Trustee, Floating The Apple, New York, NY), Benjamin A. G. Fuller (Former Curator of Mystic Seaport, Cushing, ME), Barry Thomas (Supervisor, Boat Shop, Mystic Seaport), Bill Mills (Carpenter Foreman, Dodson Boatyard Inc., Stonington, CT), Frank C. Durham (President, Traditional Small Craft Association, Hollis, NH), David Gilroy (Boatbuilding Instructor, Riverfront Recapture, Inc., Hartford, CT), Clark Poston (Founder, The John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Inc., Annapolis, MD), George B. Kelley (Boatbuilder, Hyannis, MA), Sidney S. Whelan, Jr. (Trustee, Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY), Benjamin B. Swan (Director, Pine Island Camp, Belgrade Lakes, ME) and Sharon Brown (Research Assistant, Supervisor, The Boathouse, Mystic Seaport).

In closing, Mystic Seaport Chanteyman, Don Sineti lead the audience in an emotional rendering of the traditional homeward bound chantey, "Rolling Home," and finally, J. Revell Carr lead a resounding three cheer salute to ring the rafters high above in salute of John Gardner, whom he called "a truly gentle man."

However, despite efforts to the contrary, no one could better express John than himself and the following, excerpted from the quotes which were read by Barry Thomas and me at the service, "John Gardner In His Own Words," will provide insight into the range of his writing and inspire rereading of his work. The source is given following each quote.

"The editor possessed one advantage over the rest of the class, or rather it was a disadvantage—he was able to censor his own write-up. For that reason he knew that if he was complimented as he deserved the rest of the class would be



At an age when most people would be content to retire to the shade with a book, John Gardner continued to work to bring traditional small craft to life for all to enjoy (Sharon Brown Photograph).

jealous. And as he did not care to allow anything concerning himself that was either mediocre or derogatory to be printed he decided that it were best perhaps, for good of all concerned, if nothing regarding himself were published" (*Washingtonia* Class Album of 1925).

"Planes are the heart of a boatbuilder's kit. Your first-class mechanic who can build a yacht inside and out and from keel to truck will often have planes enough to fill a chest all by themselves. These of various sizes, shapes and curvatures he will usually have made himself as he needed them or when nice blocks of tropical hard wood came his way. ...

There is a fascination in plane making and it is something that grows on the addict.

Seasoned live oak is a superior wood for planes and it was of this timber that the boatshop floor in the Boston Navy Yard was originally planked. Here in days past, I have been told, when the plane-making itch waxed strong, heads would be put together, and one of these oak floor planks marked for removal. An exact duplicate of some suitable but common timber like hard pine would be prepared and held in readiness. When the coast was clear the switch would be made, and forthwith an epidemic of plane making would break out in the shop. This practice never enjoyed official sanction, exactly, but became pretty well established in custom, nevertheless" (*Maine Coast Fisherman* 1952, May)

"The last campfire has burned itself down to a heap of glowing coals. Behind

the chair-circle the oaks rise to meet the chill flame of the stars—massy pillars of a deeper darkness. There is a tang of Autumn in the night air. The belated watcher draws closer the folds of his blanket, as he sits gazing on that gleaming path, which the moon has brushed across the waters of Great Pond. His thoughts go out along that path, as he thinks of the days to come and of the days that are past.

With a panoramic fullness the summer spreads itself before him, a throbbing, succession of events, kaleidoscopic, intense, poignant. He is in a canoe that rides the crested waves like a sea bird; the muscles of his back are taut; his paddle flashes as it cuts the blue water. He is couched on a bed of fragrant boughs counting the stars. The flying spray of the Atlantic is salt upon his lips. He is marching through the streets of Mercer; now threading his way through the gully; now dashing to meet an attack. The voice of a friend rings in his ears, shouting encouragement in the race that he did not win. The hand of a friend rests on his shoulder while the evening hymn is sung. He watches alone from a boat while the sun's last oriflamme unfurls itself on the Western hills. The voices of many friends are in his ears; their faces before his eyes.... And so he sits lost in deep reverie, while the moon creeps higher into the heavens, and the last flame flickering over the embers dances into oblivion" (*The Pine Needle* 1930, No. 8).

"Hauled out on the beach at Barnegat, where the lobstermen put in, lay an elegant double ender, somewhat the

worse for wear, it is true, and shabby of paint, but otherwise as trim and shapely as the day she was launched. She caught my eye from the first, and upon inquiry I learned that she had been Bill Chamberlain's own gunning dory built for winter duck hunting in the rough seas among the islands of the outer harbor. Nineteen feet, five inches over all, her rounded sides and graceful sheer made her, I thought, about the handsomest boat I had ever seen. Lightly built of cedar, she was hardly suited for the rough work of hauling lobster pots, the use to which Charlie Briggs had converted her.

As soon as work slackened enough in the shop for me to be spared for a Saturday, I took off the lines of the dory and carefully recorded the details of her construction in anticipation of the day when I should want to build another. It was a good thing I did. Too lightly constructed for lobstering and weakened by age, she went to pieces over the next few years and was broken up" (*Building Classic Small Craft* 1977, International Marine Publishing Co., Camden, ME).

"This [Maine] is a beautiful rural setting and no other place will ever seem like home to me. If tomorrow the Federal Government were to supply me with a Guaranteed Income on the order of \$5,000 annually per family, which I think is not excessive considering our present productive capacity. I should return to the home farm. I would have my garden, cow, pig, and hens. I'd cut some firewood, and would build a small power boat for fishing, depending upon fish to furnish much of the protein in our diet. I'd grow berries and flowers. And would do a little wood carving, basket making, blacksmithing, and the like, in the farm workshop. And if I felt like taking off an afternoon for reading or a day to visit the public library, it could be done. Altogether this would add up to a much fuller, freer, more independent life than I am now living.

But to think of returning to the old farm without a guaranteed income or its equivalent—God forbid! I well recall how we worked from daylight to dark, and sometimes after dark. ...

Let us not get sentimental about country living. In the 'good old days' the farmer's life was a hard one, and often a degrading one" (*Contemporary Issues* 1965, No. 51).

"... There is nothing at all left for humans to do but to relax and be waited on, and they are bored to desperation and revolt.

Such a time and condition may not be as remote as one might suppose. Already the mass of the population has ceased to

produce anything tangible, having become mere consumers of products, often inferior, which they had no part in making. Children growing up today in Suburbia, as well as in the ghetto, are being robbed of their heritage of manual skills. Many never experience the satisfactions of purposeful work and creative achievement, nor can they begin to imagine what life was like for past generations who actually, and pridefully, did things and made things for their own use with their own hands. ...

Boatbuilding is folk experience with its roots deep in man's remote past. Even as recently as the middle of the last century, the building of native small craft along our Eastern seaboard was still largely unspecialized, with fishermen and others building boats as they needed them from local materials according to methods passed down from generation to generation. They built for utility, but for beauty also, with building a distinct source of esthetic fulfillment. Building a boat in those days was also a social happening with neighbors lending assistance and stopping by now and again for a gam, to see how the job was going, to offer comment and advice, or just to share silently in the appreciation of sweet lines and work well done. The professional builder of small boats as a specialized tradesman and wage earner was a late arrival on the New England scene" (*The Log of Mystic Seaport* 1970, Summer).

"How well I remember the first boat I built— or, rather, helped my father build: a skiff to use on our river at the head of Maine's Passamaquoddy Bay. It was fashioned from cedar and oak that we had cut the winter before and had hauled over the snow to the sawmill. That was 60 years ago, and the thrill remains. Since then I have built or worked on other skiffs, as well as dories, peapods, launches, lobster boats, draggers, yachts for power and sail, on historic restorations and on reproductions. Every one of them was a deeply gratifying as well as a fascinating adventure. I am still building boats, with the same pleasure that the first one gave me" (*The Classic Boat* 1977, Time-Life Books Inc., Alexandria, VA).

"I must state categorically that there is just no such thing as the superior, all-purpose rowboat, just as there is no such animal as the superior, all-purpose dog. ...

. Peapods are fine for setting lobster pots around rocky shores and ledges, guideboats for portaging through the Adirondack brush, salmon wherries for launching stern first into the surf, Whitehalls for fast taxi service across the

bay before motors came into use—but swap these functions around at your peril" (*National Fisherman* 1967, Oct; *Building Classic Small Craft* 1977, International Marine Publishing Co., Camden, ME; *National Fisherman Guide to Boats* 1993, 73 No.13).

"It is an anomaly of this present age that although we idealize youth, we do not trust it. Youth is shielded and pampered but denied responsibility and held back. Maturity is postponed.

Not only does the conventional academic routine—classes, lectures, papers, exams, credits, and so forth—tend to be removed from reality, but also its demands on students are narrow and limited, too frequently failing to tap their deeper powers or capabilities or to inspire anything approaching total commitment. Because their involvement is partial and superficial, students tend to take neither their studies nor themselves seriously. Idleness, boredom, and frustration inevitably follow, opening the door to all manner of aberrant and self-destructive impulses and influences. What passes for education, and especially higher education, turns out so often under present circumstances to be mis-education. ...

As previously demonstrated in *The Apprenticeship at Bath*, youth in our time is desperately eager for meaningful activity, starved for it, in fact. They badly need to be needed by others, and are ready to give unstintingly of themselves in direct measure to what is asked. They seek total commitment and will be satisfied with nothing less. Under favorable conditions they are self-reliant, resourceful, inventive, and learn amazingly fast. They are capable of sustained effort, eat up work, and find hard physical labor expended in a good cause satisfying both to body and spirit.

... Trust youth, give them room, permit them to develop as whole persons; ask, and set no upper limits in asking, and they will rebuild the world" (Introduction, *Barns, Beams & Boats, The Restoration Shop*, 1981, Maine Maritime Museum, Bath, ME; *Sea History* 1982, Summer).



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It was a fine fall day in September 1982 when I received a phone call from Tom Row, an artist from Southern Maryland, inquiring if my non profit corporation would consider the donation of a skipjack he had been restoring. It was not every day that one has a skipjack donated to a startup sailing program. I was overjoyed with the potential of having a classic Chesapeake Bay Skipjack as the centerpiece.

My response was in the affirmative and followed with establishing a time of first viewing. I had a hard time containing my excitement. I was on my way to St Mary's County where the boat was secured dockside in a secluded inlet off the St Mary's River.



I was not inclined to be objective in my evaluation of the boat. As you can see, she was afloat and appeared well cared for, recently painted with what appeared to be fresh bottom paint. The fact is that Tom's associate in the restoration project owned the waterfront and a marine railway not too distant from where she lay. There is no doubt in my mind even today that I was just a happy go lucky camper who grabbed at the opportunity of having a skipjack all to myself so to speak.

Tom had acquired his boat from an independent school which had an excess of skipjacks donated to them. He and his associate had worked on her for several years but in the end gave up as his hands were suffering from excess use. As an artist this conflicted with his work. During his ownership he took the important step of having the boat registered with the National Trust for Historic Preservation. The 1094 *Mary W Somers* was the first skipjack registered with the trust. This was a great feather in his cap.

As we pulled away in his launch he noted several of the limitations of the donation. First, he had retained ownership of the trailboards which were mounted over his fireplace and, since they were limited in funds,



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MWS The Beginning

By Ray Hartjen

when they found a soft spot amidships on the starboard side, instead of buying "Git Rot" they injected diluted epoxy into the plank (note this error carefully as you read on as it shows its ugly head later on).



Without fully inspecting the boat I decided to accept the donation. That was my style as other boats came into my small fleet which featured a learning to sail program for human service providers.

The next question was how do I move the boat 50 miles up the Potomac River to Goose Creek just off the Port Tobacco River? Having sailed in my portion of the Potomac River, I had noticed that Stuart Petroleum was using its tugboats to haul oil barges to DC. Why not hitch a ride, I thought? I called their home office, not very far from where the *Somers* lay, and asked if they would consider my case. Over time an agreement was reached that they would dispatch a yard tug to do the job rather than attaching the *Somers* to an oil barge. That sounded ideal. I just had to wait for good weather and the availability of a yard barge.

The fall came and went. Many calls came from the waterfront owner where the *Somers* was tied up urging me to get the boat off his dock. Stuart Petroleum was called many times gingerly asking for their assistance. It wasn't until early March when a new weather front had passed through and calm water prevailed on the Potomac on a Friday that a meet-up was arranged to connect the *Somers* to a tugboat heading north.

Early Friday morning my crew and I arrived along with a 10' inflatable and a 2hp outboard. The inflatable was launched and motor mounted. A rather long towline was tied to the bow of the *Somers*. My crew released the boat from the dock and I proceeded to tow the *Somers* out into the harbor. My attention was focused on the tow, hoping to keep it off a shoal. I then looked up to see a 90' tugboat crabbing its way across the harbor in my direction. The *Papa Guy II* was our so-called yard tug preparing to secure us alongside on the port side just forward of amidships. They took lines around the mast forward to one of their master winches and pulled them taught. With lots of fenders we were very secure alongside the tug.

She eased her way out of the harbor, coming to a halt adjacent to a group of oystermen tonging for oysters, one of whom was the brother of a crew member. A bushel of oysters was exchanged for cash. That was to be our midday dinner.

Not long after we got underway the deck hand moved the oysters to the stern of

the vessel and began to shuck some for our noon time dinner. Lucky for Sam and I we became the recipients of his generosity in the form of many fresh oysters on the half shell.

Once underway our captain increased our speed to ten knots. There was far more water under the keel of the *Somers* than had ever been. If the boat had been towed astern our speed would have caused her to flounder and go under as it exceeded the hull speed of the boat.



Papa Guy II equipped with a hydraulically operated, elevating wheelhouse. The tug was powered by two Caterpillar diesel engines. She was a square bow, twin screw, push boat rated at 2,500hp.



Midday Sam and I were invited to join the captain and crew for their dinner prepared each day by a rotating chef (crew member). With a bushel of oysters on board the centerpiece was well prepared oysters in an all you can eat mode.

By midafternoon we had reached the entrance of the Port Tobacco River. With 10' of draft the tug could not proceed any further. The captain urged us to take our skipjack under tow with our 2hp inflatable dinghy. His concern was that his engines were beginning to suck in sand and he had to get the tug into deeper water. We set up the tow as we had earlier in the day with the inflatable secured to the bow on a 50' line. Luckily it was dead calm. Within half an hour we were inside of Goose Creek where we laid along side a newly set of four utility poles that had been sunk at the end of Dock A. Goose Creek had a campground on land and four docks with slips that provided space for close to 80 boats. The *Mary W Somers* became a very attractive showpiece for the campground. When I asked Ben Bowie, the owner, what my fee would be he replied that he rented slips for boats but since the skipjack did not occupy a slip there would be no charge.



Winter Projects 2021

Three Catboats

By Greg Grundtisch

I'm really not supposed have winter projects this year. I told the lovely and talented Naomi that after the Harbinger catboat project was finished I would take on some of her "honey do" projects that have been lingering for far too long, says she. But I still had some things to complete or rehab in all three catboats we have.

So I started small with the 10' catboat, a kit boat I built about 20 years ago. Naomi named her *Bitty Kat* and it has been her favorite for all those years. We had lost her (traded for a small schooner) for a few years but brought her back home five years ago, finding her for sale in Detroit, Michigan, on craigslist. She was tired, had some broken parts in need of attention and this season was the year to finally take care of the needed rehab.

It was mainly sanding and painting from one end to the other, inside and out, with a few temporary repairs made permanent. Then I stripped off all the old varnish on the mast and spars and added four coats of new varnish. The original Dabbler sail from Stuart Hopkins was still in excellent condition. *Bitty Kat* is now looking brand new with an off white hull and an aqua blue deck and all bright work repaired, replaced or recoated with varnish. We plan to take her to St Michaels for the MASCF in October if the event resumes again.



The next project was the mast and spars of the Beetle Cat. I repainted the hull and deck and made some minor repairs in the summer. The winter project was to remove some 40 to 50 years of thick varnish. I thought this would be a time consuming, tedious amount of work but I found that using the Viper Scraper attached to the shop vac made it not only quicker, but very easy. That tool was one of the best buys I ever made and was very inexpensive. The result of five new coats of varnish on old growth wood was spectacular.



With the two catboat projects complete it was on to the Harbinger catboat. With the winter snow and lack of room in the shop, this catboat will have to wait for spring and I'll go back to some more of Naomi's projects. I think indoor plumbing is highly overrated and a thunder bucket is a good way to save water. But I will make the improvements she desires while still making some needed fixes and Harbinger improvements to the little boom gallows, the rudder and tiller, new and better gaff jaws and floor boards. Then, when the weather gets a little better, I can make some changes to the seating, add a small aft deck, a rowing seat on the centerboard trunk and some rub rails.



This past year has been an unusual and at times aggravating boating season. The Covid panic and lockdowns that ensued, in addition to the major disruption in our daily life and employment, have had a direct effect on my messing about in boats. Just check on big box store's stock of fasteners, the price of red cedar or go on line to your favorite boat supply company and check the price of a quart of varnish. Production, delivery and supply are all affected.

I am still unemployed in our family ice skating rink business and we had to cut days and hours or furlough 35 employees, many with the company for over 20 years. We are trying to hang on (by a thread) through all this and bring back the business and employees. At this time (January) we are now reopened at less than 50% operational and have been able to bring a few employees back to work.

I just want to go on messing about in boats with my family and friends! I hope by spring when the weather breaks we can do just that.

Done!

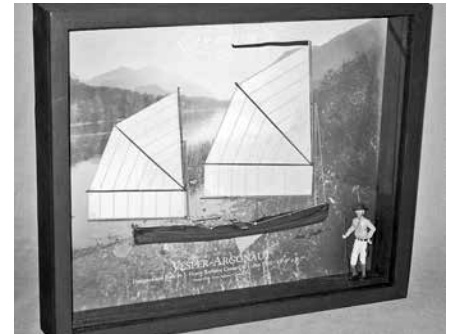
By Irwin Schuster

Wrapped Up, Loaded and Locked

As she is dated 2019, I could not get two years behind on her. Imperfect, but then aren't we all? The paddler is Seneca Ray Stoddard, Adirondack naturalist, outdoorsman and photographer.

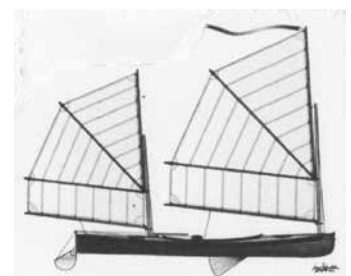
"Live and learn is a goal." In actuality, "Live, learn, forget and/or make brand new mistakes," is my tale of woe. As I have admitted in the past, if you choose a beautiful subject and do a reasonable job, you get undue credit. Just accept it.

Technical Details: The sails and titling are superimposed onto the background and printed altogether (I confess I have a little advantage there with 60 years in graphic design). Split spars and the rest are modeled in the conventional manner and applied, followed by what rigging is required in 3D. Scale is about 1/20. The figure is polymer clay. Encasement is as simple as any I can devise.



Vesper Argonaut

Designed by J. Henry Rushton ca 1910
16"0"x2'7



Building the Poor Man's Hollow Mast

By Richard Honan

Part 1

Recently I had a new helper with my Peapod boat building project. The process began a couple of weeks earlier at Home Depot. While walking by the 12'2"x4" rack I spied three or four almost knot free pieces. I checked for straightness and bought four of these spruce 2"x4"s for about \$10 each.

These would be perfect for my unstayed 11'8" mast for my Peapod. I let the 2"x4"s sit on my lumber rack for a couple of weeks to see if they would develop any warping or twisting. Then my grandson Ben joined me to help assemble my poor man's mast. I set up a guide on one of my 2.25hp, 25,000 rpm Bosch routers and put a 1.25" core box router bit in the collet. After some instruction I had Ben make three passes with the router.

We then did some housekeeping, put down some drop cloths and prepared the bench for applying the TotalBoat 2:1 epoxy. Ben then helped me apply a coat of epoxy to both surfaces and then clamp the two 12' lengths together with a hundred clamps. It was a good experience for Ben, working with Popi and also learning how to use some power tools.

Next we'll remove the clamps, mark out the centers and the tapers and begin the process of bringing the mast shape down to eight sides. Why make a hollow mast? Weight, there is no reason to have all that weight aloft. Total cost to make this poor man's hollow mast? Lumber and epoxy \$25. If I had used Sitka spruce the cost of the mast could have come to \$175 or more.



Part 2

Day Two: After routing a 1.25" channel down the length of two 2"x4" studs with a core box router bit and epoxying the two pieces together with TotalBoat 2:1 epoxy, we let them sit over night to let the epoxy cure or harden.

The next morning my grandson Ben and I removed about a thousand clamps that we had used to hold the two 12' pieces together. We now had a 3"x3" blank which started out weighing 26lbs, now, with the center routed out, weighed in at 22lbs. We set ourselves to the task of accurately marking out the mast tapers, 2" at the mast step, 2 1/2" where the mast goes through the forward support or thwart and 1 3/4" at the very top of the mast.

I set up the 7 1/4" circular saw to cut the tapers and proceeded to trim our blank to a more manageable size. By the time we had cut the tapers and removed the waste, our new 11'8" mast blank was down to 10 3/4 lbs. I wish I could lose weight that fast!

Tomorrow we'll get out our spar gauge and mark out our four sided blank for eight sides and finally 16 sides. It's a very rewarding feeling to observe two 12' 2"x4"s turn into a mast for our Peapod. It is even more rewarding to share my knowledge and the experience with my grandson.



Ben is holding two wood planes that we will be using to shape the mast. These wood planes belonged to Ben's great great grandfather Anthony Bonzagni (Nonno). Nonno was a great mentor to me. I'm happy to pass on what I learned from Nonno to Ben.

Part 3

Day Three: Ben and I are eager to start the third phase of building our 11'9" mast for what will be a lug rig for our Peapod sailboat. This is where we take our four sided, tapered spruce blank and turn it into an eight sided blank, eventually a 16 sided blank and finally, a hollow, completely round 11'9" mast.

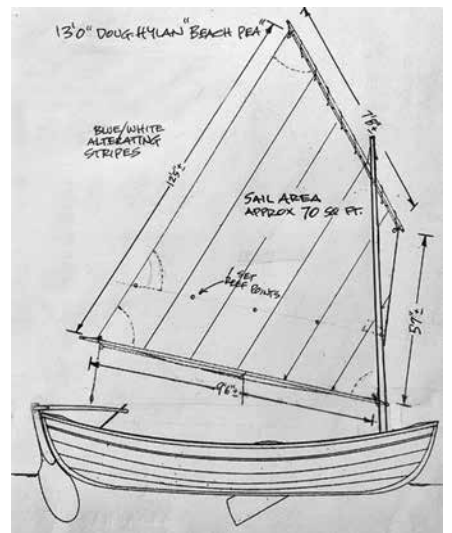
To go from a four sided blank to an eight sided blank required us to make a new measuring tool called a spar gauge. A spar gauge is a simple device which will mark two lines on the face of each side of a square plank (either straight or tapering), enabling the four corners of the plank to be planed down to these lines to produce the required octagonal shape:

(<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oZyKdswxGQw>)

Once we fabricated our shiny new spar gauge, Ben put it to work and started marking out the four sides of our mast blank. It worked like a charm. Previously, when making an eight sided mast I used a small 3 1/2" battery powered circular saw to cut the bevels with mixed results. The bevels were roughly cut and not consistent. Using a hand plane at this stage was very labor intensive. Instead I opted for my new Dewalt battery powered planer. It was perfect for the job, easy to control and reasonably fast.

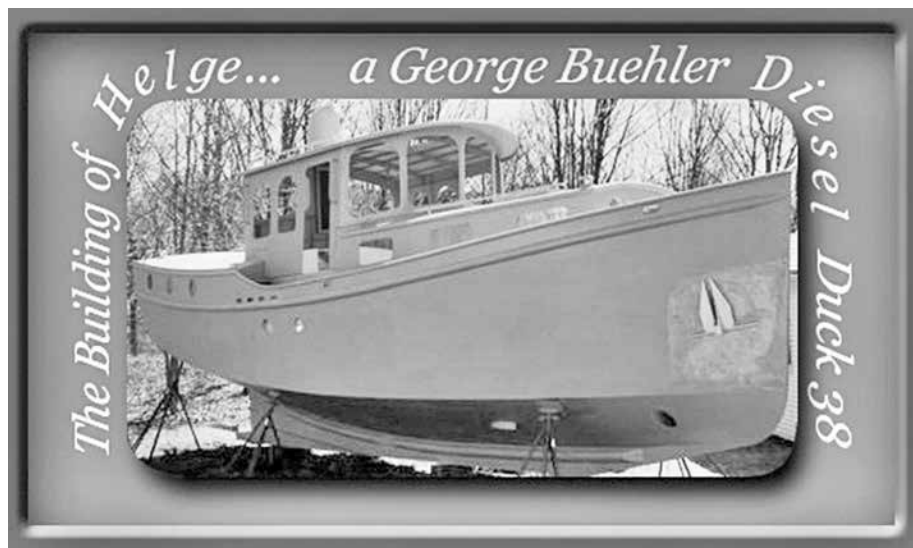
With minimal instruction I explained to Ben what was the final goal, eight equal sides. Ben made a few practice runs on a scrap piece of 2"x4". I said to myself, enough hovering over Ben, it was time to let him get to work. I went about another task and left Ben alone. A little over an hour later Ben had turned our four sided blank into an eight sided hexagon. The weight of the blank had dropped from 10 3/4 lbs to just a hair over 9lbs. Next up, 16 sides!

Even "Lucky" the wonder dog looked on approvingly!



The Building of *Helge* A George Buehler Diesel Duck Part 19

Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.



The John Deere

Helge's single engine is a John Deere 4039D (4-cylinder, 3.9 liter, naturally aspirated Diesel). The engine has an 80hp M2 rating allowing 3,000 hours per year at 65% load factor and 16 hours at 100% during each 24 hour period. We chose this old style John Deere because it will continue running without electricity.

Fuel is cleaned through a pair of Racor filters. The Racor filters are finer than the John Deere's on-engine filter. The thought process behind this tactic is to prevent the engine filter from clogging before the Racors do. The Racor elements are two microns while the engine is five. The filter elements are monitored by a drag needle vacuum gauge. The drag needle holds its reading after shutdown. The Racors can be individually isolated and replaced while underway.

The engine breaths through a Walker AirSep assembly that recirculates blow-by mist by separating the oil and returning it to the sump. The engine's dry exhaust system is muffled by a custom built silencer housed inside the smoke stack and kept cool with custom fit blankets.

The engine is cooled via Schedule 40 5" half pipe that's welded to both sides of the keel. Coolant enters the keel cooler mid-ship on the starboard side and then travels forward. When it reaches the bow it transfers through the keel over to the port side and then runs aft. It then transfers back to the starboard and returns to mid ship where it completes its loop (we joke that the engine thinks it's a tractor living on a farm because it is painted green and doesn't pump sea water). Ball valves are installed on the cross connect tubes both forward and aft to assist in bleeding the cooler.

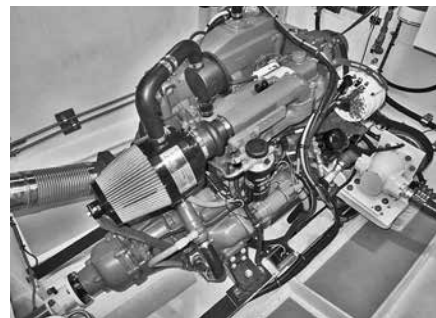
The engine's front pulley is rated for 50hp and drives the 12hp American Bow Thruster hydraulic pump through a cogged belt. The alternator and water pump are driven by twin V-belts.

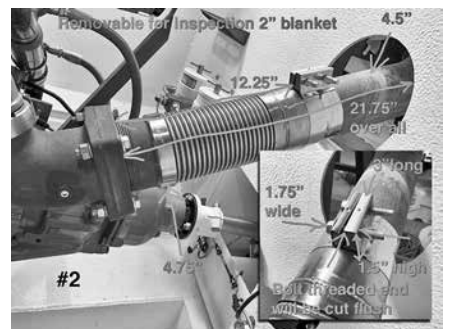
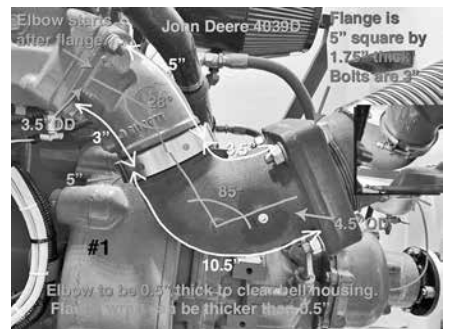
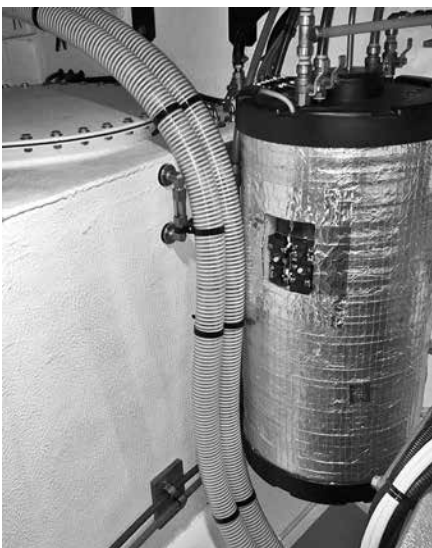
The factory installed 75amp alternator has been replaced by a large Case 200amp

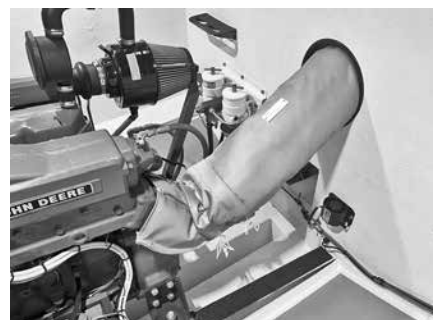
Balmar. The Balmar has output and transient spike protection. We may upgrade to a smart voltage regulator but for now will use the externally mounted fixed voltage unit (adjusted to the lower than normal Fire-Fly house bank float voltage of 13.4v). The internally regulated factory alternator will be stored as a backup.

Helge's transmission is a 71 Series Borg Warner Velvet Drive 2.57:1 turning a 2" Aquamet-22 shaft and a 4-blade bronze Dyna-Quad Michigan wheel. A one piece custom machined Shaft Razor protects the shaft and prop from fouling.

The shaft runs through an old school Buck Algonquin stuffing box fitted with PTFE flax packing. The stuffing box and shower use a common receptacle to keep the bilge dry. A pair of Rule 4000 pumps serve as backup. They sound an alarm when activated.







Jimmy Skiff II: 13'2" x 52", 525lb max capacity

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The Lost Art of Boat Making in Bangladesh

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Shampan

Indigenous to Cox's Bazar and Kutubdia area, the Shampan was a large sea boat of Bengal with a triangular mast. Throughout history many songs, folk stories and poetry have been influenced by this beautiful vessel.



Goyna

The opulent Goyna was a dream house-boat which sailed on the narrow channels of the Padma river in Rajshahi. Goyna translates to ornament and, much like ornaments, its beauty was a standout. Used by the Zamindars (landlords) for leisure, the Goyna had a harmonious balance between elegance and performance.



The art of boat making is an ancient craft and one of the oldest living technologies in the world. The intricate craft of boat making is an essential part of the rich tradition and culture of Bangladesh. Being a riverine land, boats were, and still are, an integral part of the rural life of Bengal. From the Moyurponkhi Nouka of the prince from a far-away land or the Shampan of the fearless sea explorer, boats have been a crucial element in our folklore, folk music and mythology.

The rich boat building heritage and skills have been passed down orally for thousands of years. However, those tales and skills are now on the verge of extinction with the advent of motorboats. Bangladesh once boasted the largest fleet of wooden boats, exceeding over a million. These boats used to come in all shapes and sizes with different functions and designs. Here are some of the most famous boats from Bangladesh that you should know about:

Malar

One of the largest riverine boats of the country is the Malar boat. Made on the banks of the Padma and Brahmaputra in the heart of Bengal, these majestic boats were primarily used for transportation of cargoes including livestock. With one of the most recognizable shapes, the Malar frequently shows up in paintings of typical Bangladesh riverscape. The last remaining large sized Malar boat has been converted to be used by tourism purpose by Contic cruises. The large red orchard sails outlined against the blue sky is a sight forever lost in Bengal.



Shuluk

Indigenous to the Kutubdia area, Shuluk was the only known large sea boat of Bengal with a double mast. Although this boat was widely famous in its time, the Shuluk is now entirely extinct. Back in its day this large watercraft was used for transporting salt and other cargo across the sea.



Podi

A cross between a river and seagoing boat, the Podi, which is found in the southern Khulna belt, is one of the few unique boats that have adapted to the saline water. Squat and wide, the Podi was specially made for carrying heavy cargo through the tidal rivers of the Sundarbans. Originally the Podi boat was used by the golpata gatherers during their seasonal foray into the mangrove forest. The golpatas, being the primary material for thatching in the southern belt, were then sailed back upstream with the tide.



Chand-Nouka (Moon Boat)

The arches of the crescent moon are reflected within the curving lines of the Chand-Nouka. These moon boats still dot the coastlines of Southern Bangladesh. The mid sized fishing vessels sail out to the open sea with the tide, only to return with the next. In earlier times the celestial shape of the Chand-Nouka allowed the boat to sail in either direction although now, with the introduction of the engine, the primary utility of the shape has forgone.



Corpai

Starting its journey from the river banks of Potuali in Gopalganj Sadar, the illustrious Corpai treads along the native waters of the Modhumati River. A true symbol of the working class, the Corpai boat transports grains, rice, and heavy cargo.



Cultural Preservation

Fortunately Friendship, a non governmental organization, is saving Bangladesh's boat building heritage from extinction through its activities on cultural preservation. Their activities include helping to create a sustainable livelihood for the boat builders. The organization also documents the ancient techniques of boat building and raises awareness through exhibitions around the world. Hand-crafted replica of model boats which serve as a record of boat building techniques can be purchased to further support their efforts.

Additionally, our heritage of boats and boat making is so rich that Bangladesh National Museum has an entire separate gallery dedicated to boats of Bangladesh. Do check it out when you can.

(Facts, figures and photos are sourced from Friendship.)

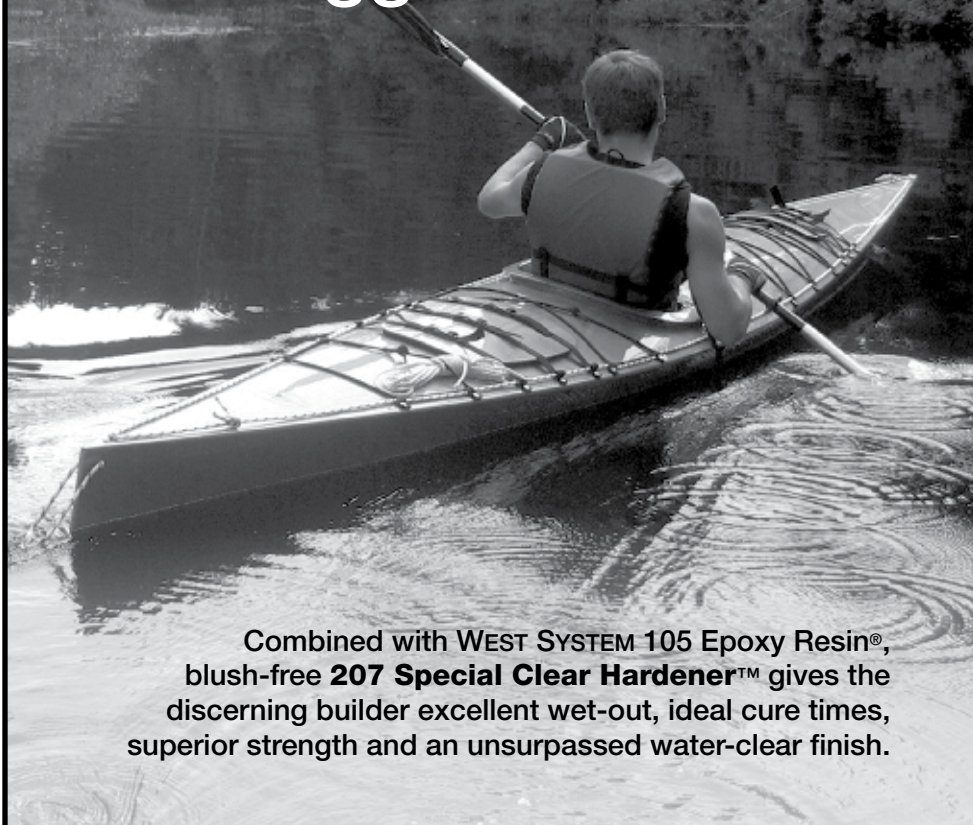


Friendship is a non governmental organization in northern Bangladesh empowering people through sustainable, integrated development. 1,500 employees staff regional offices, floating hospital teachers at Friendship schools, trainers at vocational schools, organizers and supervisors in the northern and southern parts of the country and head office staff based in Dhaka.

Friendship's first project was a floating hospital. French sailor and aviator Yves Marre sailed a river barge from France to Bangladesh to donate it for use by the people of Bangladesh. Founder Runa Khan converted it to a floating hospital, the Lifebuoy Friendship Hospital (LFH). Friendship has developed a healthcare system to provide primary healthcare to river based communities often difficult to reach from the mainland.

Friendship now has two more floating hospitals, the Emirates Friendship Hospital in 2008 and the Rongdhonu Friendship Hospital, former *Rainbow Warrior II*. It has received a donation through the Islamic Development Bank for the operation and construction of five more hospital ships. The keels were laid for the five new ships in December 2017.

Rugged. Beautiful.



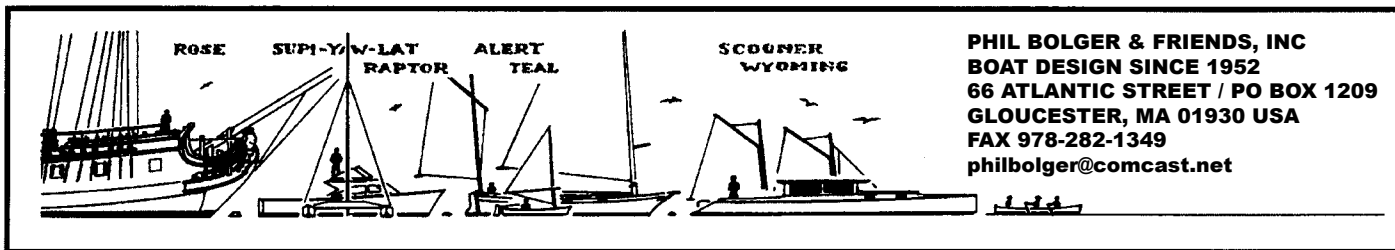
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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #557 in *MAIB*

Design #5-57 "Egg Harbor 31"

31'0"x11'0"x2'6" x 2x 175hp Gasoline Inboard Engines x 21knots
 Displacement 9,000lbs

Showing off just doing her thing well into her seventh decade. Last issue we saw *Ruffler* finally launched after some of the usual delays and one of life's darker setbacks had added up to seven years in that earthen floor shed. So it took a bit for her planking and bones to swell up, a time to treat her gently, in her owners' eyes to not even start up her V-8s. Probably even wiser yet since those had not run seriously in that long a time either. While she looked as good as she could after all that restoration work, now afloat again under a fabulous blue sky and puffy clouds on an August day, there were still a few things to sort out, matters to tidy up, with a skiff handy to tow her to a good spot for all that.

A couple of months later I heard that she had migrated to her home mooring and was getting ready for a fine photo shoot. Between weather and other commitments all around we would not all actually come together until November 4, yes, the day after the election, and a bright day with mild temperature along with a modest breeze. Whatever the contentiousness of that season, there would be no disagreement that this was a great day to finally have her stretch her legs a bit, a perfect opportunity for the camera to catch her in that more golden late fall light with positions on a beach, the skiff, a road bridge and a former railroad causeway.

She was back at that tidal river mooring southeast of Boston, the setting of that first photo of her when co-owner Brad had approached this office looking for her plans, and which was promptly featured on page 48 in the March 2018 issue of *MAIB*. Today weather, tide and our schedules had come together to allow taking her a few miles downriver to the coast of Massachusetts Bay to feel her out again, warm up the engines and finally get some of those pictures of her doing what she was designed to do for the photo album, with a particular one framed on the wall to have her wink at them while the snow is coming down heavily outside and the river is showing substantial ice floes to which they'd rather not want to expose the boat.

Again, let the images tell the story, with just a few remarks attached to each:



#1. Perfect weather, fine looking boat, tide still coming in and we four happy to make the most of this afternoon. The dual exhaust ports off each engine added to the temptation with a deep sounding idle gradually heating up all that cast iron in these engines.



#2. But first a slow going around her to study her lines, colors, indeed textures in the early November light when few folks in northern climes still have their boats on the water. Judging by the tidal rivers here in Gloucester, by midwinter there might be stout heavy chunks of frozen seawater and snowpack on top perhaps measuring 8"-10", nothing we want to tangle with. These mooring balls may get taken out as well, with just a stick buoy to mark the mooring location below, lean to allow the ice floes to go clean over them for least tearing at the gear. And should the ice take that buoy with it, we may want to have photographs and perhaps even a GPS coordinate to find the mooring chain below on the bottom.



#3. A long time back, a few decades into her life, the gasoline straight six Chryslers were swapped out for these small block 273 CID/4.5 liter Chrysler V-8s, apparently less to make much more power than to make that power at lower engine speeds, adding to the likely life of the engines and possibly burning less fuel. In a car each of these might make 180hp in mild trim with two barrel carburetors, over 230hp in high performance editions and a four barrel. The owners stated that two here run on just a single barrel each, likely a really mild camshaft to just offer some 175hp, probably quite torquey power but barely straining the engine, suggesting almost a continuous duty rating.



#4. Down the river, against the tide.



#5. Just easy on the eyes, unexpected this late in the season.



#6. And then the late fall sun hitting that rich mahogany transom, quite a few years ago one of the biggest projects on her to replace and obviously a major aesthetic attribute in her overall appearance, the style she exudes. All that varnish all over and inside her no doubt a challenge to keep looking good but the returns are unarguable.



#7. With the V-8s all warmed up she reasserts her performance capabilities. There are approximately 50 years in age between the boat and that power, both exercises in reasonably good sense. And those mighty outriggers are original with two fresh Egg Harbor ensigns flying off them for this special occasion, a touch of formality.

#8. So she heads out into Massachusetts Bay. A lot of folks with houses along the shore will have binoculars, a telescope handy, offering them today from afar this visual impression of this white and varnished boat leaving the river at a good clip. Of course, actual boat nuts thereabouts would have caught her again and again across the decades she's been in these waters.



#9. In her 62nd year she'll do 20 knots just fine, more than enough to make good speed to go places while that sharp bow slices through chop and swells. No trim tabs or power tilt, just a good balance of hull shape and weight placement for that speed. Clearly those 273s have much more in them. But we'd remember Phil's sober counsel to not overpower this type of hull shape, leveraging instead these detuned V8s for their lower fuel consumption and longer engine life.



#10. With no floats left in the water, no boats on any moorings and many summer residences deserted for the coming winter, she can smoke up the other tidal river branch at wide open throttle with no objections. That mid level growl sounding off the under-stressed engines adds that distinctive V-8 combustion noise, no excited showing off, just more of her easy elegance at any speed.



#11. No reason to not do several runs to catch her from a range of angles, different interplay of boat with sun and waters with photography off the beach or from the skiff aboard *Ruffler*.



#12. Obviously we have to feel her out at speed from onboard as well with just more friends missing from that cockpit. And as a sport fisherman the fighting chair is onboard, the socket in her cockpit floor still sound and for all I knew fishing rods handy as well with some folks never needing any bait. Just not the plan this afternoon.



#13. These two sons grew up with just about all their summers on and around her, having taken this course out into the bay countless times. Almost due east would be Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod some 25nm as the seagull flies. And almost due north is Gloucester some 26nm away, at her near top speed perhaps an hour and a half away. And it would be about 20nm to get into downtown Boston.





#14. So with a rich haul of photos taken in this collaborative spirit by all, we bring her back to her protected mooring. Going up the meandering river seems as good way to wind down from this rare and successful opportunity to see and experience this 1959 Egg Harbor 31 doing what she was designed and built for. Perhaps the owners should think of charging folks for this privilege.



#15. But we'll stay in the mouth of the two rivers, today just interested in feasting on the essence of her slicing along, satisfying with just a few miles of ambitions with the experience immortalized with the camera and our memories of this distinctive November day taking her out in this fabulous weather and geography, a lasting pleasure in stark contrast with the ever so challenging year of 2020.



#16. Back on her mooring, the flag and the Egg Harbor ensigns have been struck and that brand new canvas and transparency work turns out to indeed fit perfectly. Apart from keeping curious flying critters out, in a tidal setting they may actually get driving rain well into the wheelhouse when the strong tide may swing the boat stern against the wind. They had found rain on the engines' electrics. Not too good for varnished nooks and corners either.



#17. With the last color on those trees and the reeds going from green towards gold brown and soon brown grey, she would be here for a few more days, a week or two, swinging on her mooring with tide and wind, before she would be hauled out again, likely by that same trucker who had put her in early August, and stored under cover on that moist dirt floor in that shed that had protected her during the unexpectedly extended restoration.

The project has indeed been ended successfully, yes, the owners see little things to still do here and there but we got to celebrate that effort during this superb photo shoot and she seems in good spirits and certainly shape to offer many years of pleasure boating. Now in her 62nd year and well refreshed, there is no telling for how many more decades this particular Egg Harbor 31 will be displaying this appearance we got to see here. The owners sure have proven their motivation to treat her respectfully and a third generation crew member has been aboard already. So, NO, she is not for sale!! But there is a bit more to discuss about her in the next issue.

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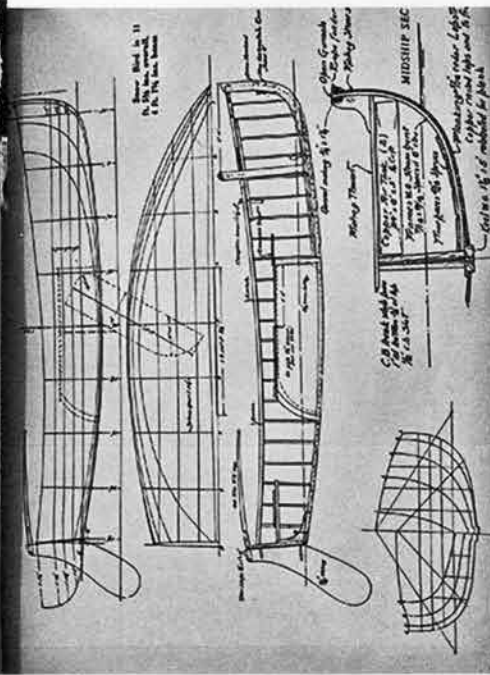
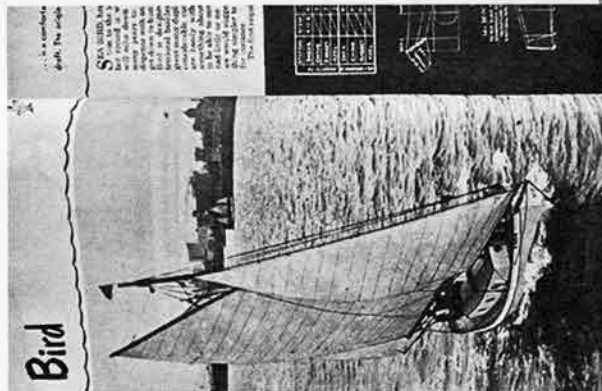
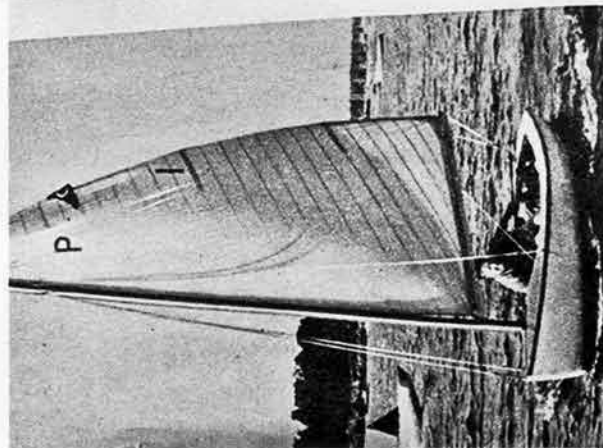
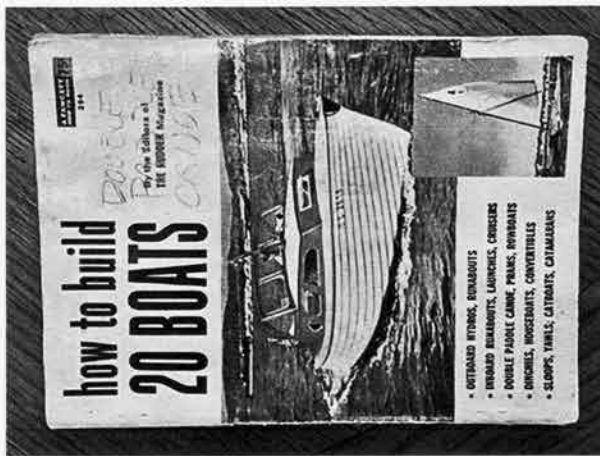
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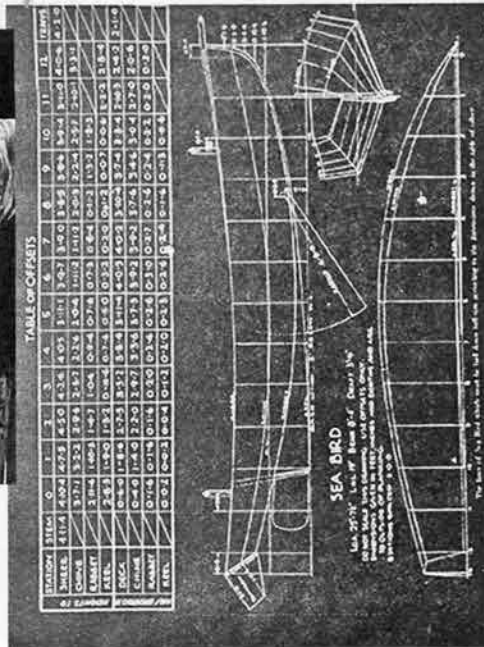


Bob Johnson Dips into History:
 "I received this copy of *'how to build 20 BOATS'* from my brother, recently returned to me after I lent it to him probably 30 years ago. It was published by *Rudder Magazine* in 1955 and many of the boats included (see representative photos) are designed by well-known and highly regarded designers (Herreshoff, Mason, Whittholz, etc.). My brother noted that one of the designs included is the 12' catboat *'Pup'* designed by William Crosby (photo included... *'P'* on sail), a boat I built in my early teens shortly after my family's move from Connecticut to the West Palm Beach area in 1957. As I am currently creating a model railroad of the Port of Palm Beach's Terminal rail and shipping operations set in the late 1950's, he suggested I use the plans for *Pup* to create a scale model of me (in my teens) sailing by the Port (which I did many times)...a great idea now on my *'to do'* list.

But I digress. The reason why I have chosen to send this info on the books from *Rudder Magazine* is that many pleasure boating magazines in the "wooden boat era" (essentially ending in the 1960's) often included complete lines drawings (and building details) with their reviews of boats, allowing the creation of accurate models. *The Rudder*, noted as America's First Boating Magazine, was particularly good at including this info. Other magazines of the era are possible resources as well, and include *Yachting*, *Motor Boating* (later *MB & Sail*), *Skipper*, etc." (Irwin-I am pretty sure of *'Skipper'*... do you agree? Any others?). Sec/Ed never saw *"Skipper"* a Chesapeake Bay mag.



Photos submitted by Bob

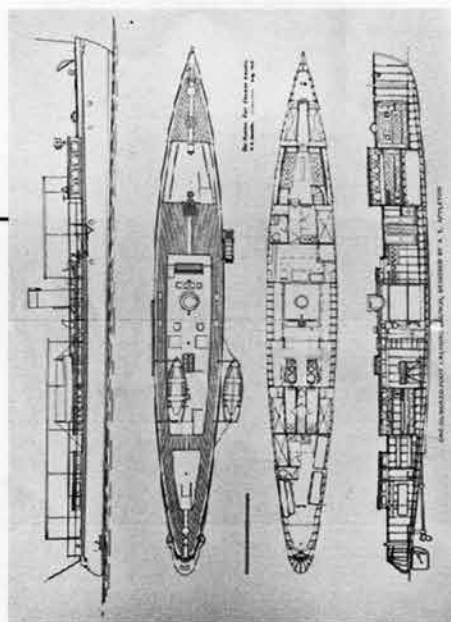
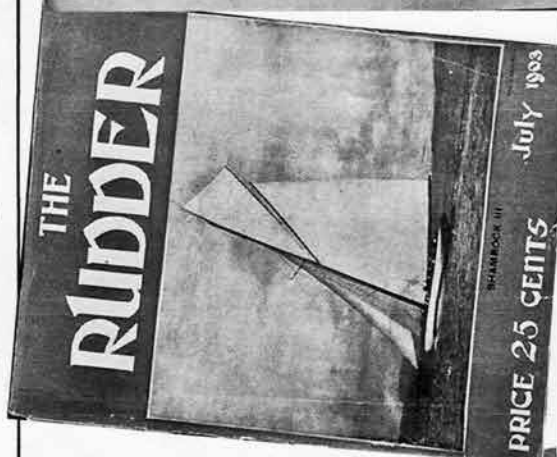
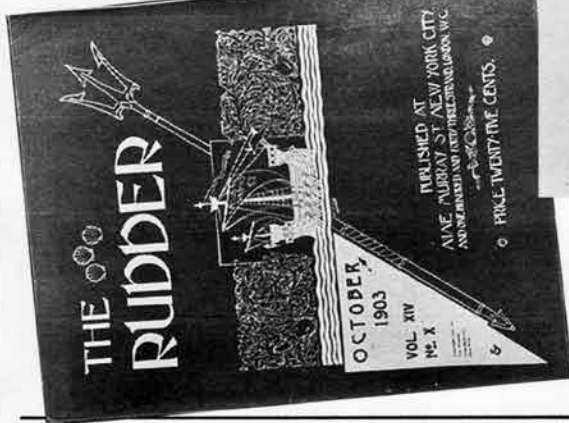




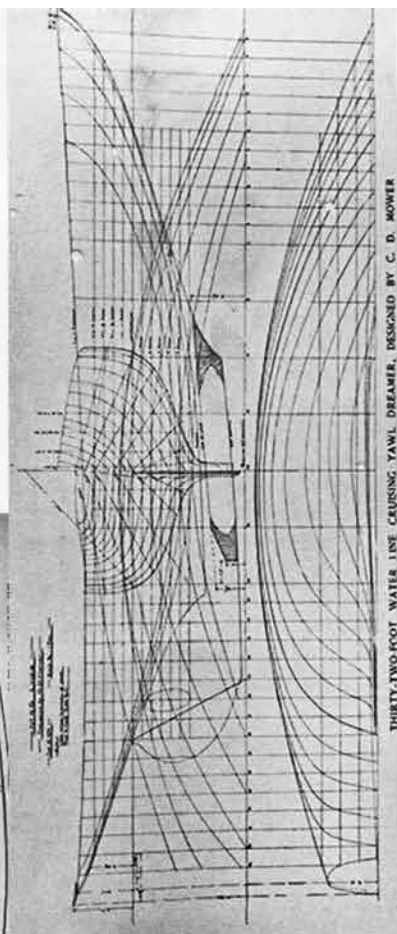
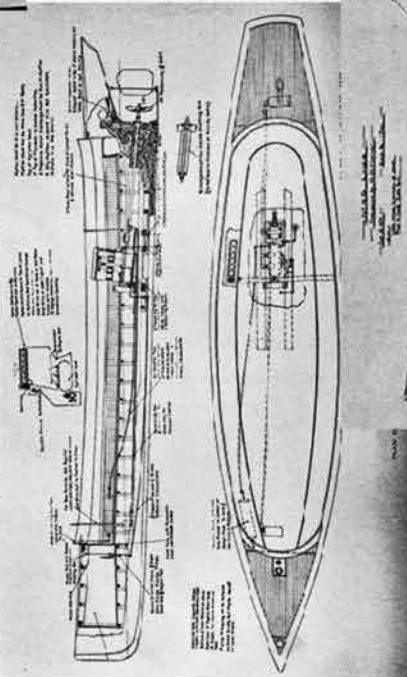
Bob continues: "Some of these old issues are still out there and can be found in book stores that carry used books and periodicals. In some cases, reprints of "collected designs" were also published in later years containing lines drawings as well. The Internet opens an even broader resource for these vintage publications, so making a search under various keywords should uncover interesting results and allows targeting for specific boats if desired.

In my opinion, sail and power pleasure boats of the early part of the 20th century include some of the most beautiful designs one is likely to find... and offer great subjects for modeling.

Images from 117 years ago! The back cover (ads/yellow) is interesting as well."



Photos submitted by Bob



While one sees a lot of high horse powered outboard motors these days, there is the question of how much power is enough? When I was growing up one of our family boats had an air cooled gasoline engine around 10hp. It did fine unless there was a strong tidal current or a wind from the wrong direction. In those circumstances forward progress and control of the boat was an "iffy" proposition. My father installed a larger engine and rebuilt the stern to accommodate the increase in weight. It was more than enough engine for the boat and seldom went above high idle when in use. The 25hp outboard on the next boat was sufficient for our uses.

Before my wife and I purchased our Sisu 22 we met with owners of Sisu 22s who all said the horsepower that came with the stock boat was not sufficient for their needs. I went with the next larger size engine (had to retrim the boat) and found the engine was a little more than we needed. However, with a work prop, I towed a number of other various sized boats with no problem. Our Sisu 26 had a 100hp Westerbeke Diesel that moved it quite nicely. But with a top speed of around 6 knots it was not suitable for inlets except at slack tide.

Then there was the skiff I built one winter. It was to be used in sheltered water with a push pole. My right shoulder took care of that idea so I purchased a Seagull outboard and planned to rebuild the stern of the boat to take the weight and added stress. Never got the project started and gave the skiff to a charity to sell as a money raiser. The outboard went into storage until I found someone interested in purchasing it.

One of the problems with repowering a boat is the size and weight of the new engine.



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

With an inboard, will it fit in the space the old engine used? Will the engine mounts need to be replaced, the drive train repositioned or room made for the added transmission? As with my Sisu 22, will the weight affect the trim of the vessel? And, with outboards, will the transom take the strain?

I did not add the Seagull to the skiff I built because I would have had to rebuild the transom to both mount the Seagull and keep the transom attached to the rest of the boat when I reversed the Seagull engine. In the books I have on the subject, the writers stress that the hulls were designed for the engines noted in the plans and major modifications to the hulls and/or engines were not recommended.

If a bigger engine seems desirable, get a bigger boat designed for that engine. I remember a nice early fiberglass boat which was fine with the outboard engine it was designed to carry. When a more powerful engine was installed, the hull split at one of the joints due to the added stress of the higher speed that it was not designed to endure.

As with engines, the same kinds of considerations come into play with a sailboat. How much sail area was it designed to carry and how was the rigging installed? A local sailor installed a taller mast to have more sail area for the light wind days we get most of

the year. Stronger rigging to support it also had to be installed and the result was a boat that did not handle well because the center of effort had shifted and then he had to reef when the wind built.

An individual we knew did the research and purchased a boat designed for the wind conditions in Apalachee Bay. The sail area was adequate but the hull design was wrong for the waves encountered in the Bay. The boat floated like a cork and would not sail to weather very well in the wave conditions encountered. Off the wind it was fine but otherwise it simply 'bobbed' along to weather. All of this suggests considering both the prevailing wind direction and wave conditions before modifying an existing boat or purchasing a different one.

A winch on a mast to tighten the main and/or jib halyard is found on most sailboats. Our Tornado had a hook at the top of the mast for the mainsail attachment and the tension on the mainsail was created with a block system attached to the boom at the mast. Our Ranger 26 had winches for the main and jib halyards and one for the spinnaker halyard.

Of interest to me was one boat that used small 3:1 block ratio setups that attached in a loop at the end of the wire main and jib halyards. The sail was hoisted using the rope portion and when the wire section (with the loop) came within reach the small block arrangement was hooked in and used to tension the halyard. A pad eye on the deck held the other end of the arrangement and there was a jam cleat on the deck to secure the line from the block. Since each halyard had its own block and tackle, the arrangement worked just fine and the only winches on board were for the jib sheet.

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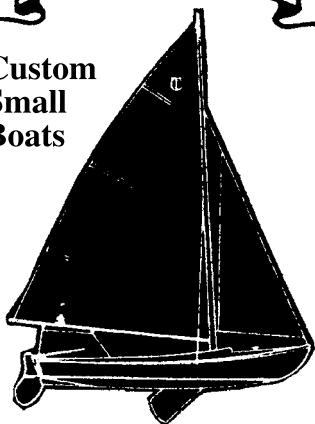
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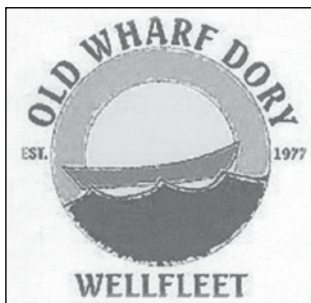


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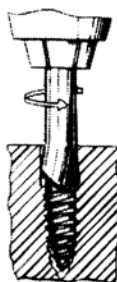
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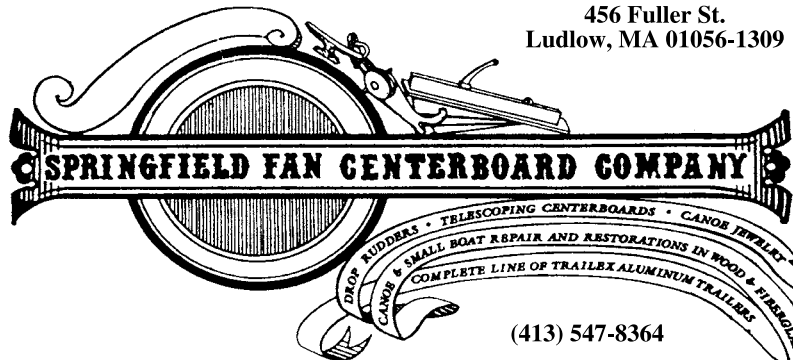
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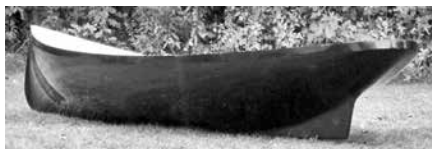
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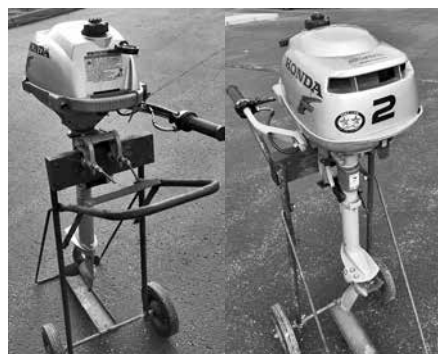
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